Week ending June 14 1952 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

The most dangerous man in Europe talks at last—

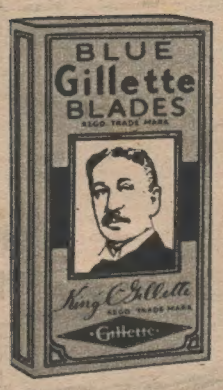
HOW I RESCUED MUSSOLINI

by Otto Skorzeny

ALL OVER THE WORLD

Good mornings begin with Gillette

In the mornings the mountains are ringing
With yodelling, whistling and singing;
Since a Blue Gillette Blade
With the sharpest edge made
To each shaver peak pleasure is bringing.



10-BLADE PACKET 2/8

20-BLADE DISPENSER 5/4

BUY THE BEST AND SAVE MONEY!

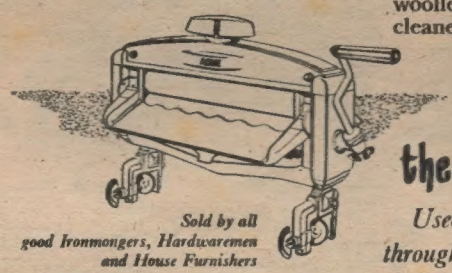
Blue Gillette Blades

How old is a sheet?

Some sheets begin to look old when they're quite new. Others go on looking new for many years. It all depends on the care they get — and that goes for all your household linens, blankets, curtains, clothing. So if you want your things to live to a young old age, leave them to the ACME Cleanser-Wringer.

* * * *

It's the scientific combination of Pressure Distribution and Pressure Indication that does the trick! Acme pressure distribution operates over the whole length of the resilient rubber rollers and wrings the thin as well as the thick parts of the wash, expelling embedded dirt along with the surplus water . . . while Acme's new 3-point pressure indication takes the guesswork out of wringing. Everything from a bib to a blanket, gets exactly the right pressure suited to its weight and texture without any strain on delicate fibres. The whole wash—silks, cottons, linens, woollens — comes out fresher, cleaner, and with longer life ahead.



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ACME

the cleanser-wringer

Used in millions of homes throughout the world

ACME WRINGERS LIMITED, DAVID STREET, GLASGOW, S.E.

Played-out actress exits right

La Hartburn, Clara to me, has the theatre in her blood. Maybe that's why her complexion's so bad, and she's no longer in circulation.

"Darling," I said, "aren't you tired of resting?"

"*Practically* re-tired," *moped Clara.* "*But if this constipation goes on I won't even stand a chance for the back row of the chorus in Greek tragedy. Oh, Thespis, hear my plaintive pipe.*"

"30 ft. of plaintive pipe," I said, craftily.

"How *much?*" *asked Clara.*

"The pipe I mean," I said, "is the one you have tucked away behind your dress circle. Everything you eat has to go through it, prompted by your intestinal muscles. But there's nothing for the muscles to get hold of in the soft, starchy foods we eat now, and they miss their cues."

"*What does* that *make me?*" *asked Clara.*

"Lady Macbeth," I said, "much troubled with a dam spot that won't out. It's the curtain-raiser to Much Ado, and All's Wrong that Starts Wrong—in other words, constipation. What you want," I said, "is *bulk.*"

"*Is* bulk *a medicine?*" *asked Clara, suspiciously.*

"Certainly not," I said, "it's All-Bran for breakfast. That gives your muscles the bulk they need to work on. All-Bran's delicious, and it makes you 'regular.'"

"*Is there a grocer in the house?*" *asked Clara, hopefully.*

A week later, enter (pursued by a stare) a *divine* Clara, a dame with a presence *and* a future. "What happened?" I said. "Get a new stage-manager?"

"*Indeed I did,*" *trilled Clara.* "*That wonderful All-Bran made me 'regular' in five days. I'm terrific in my new role.*"

"Author! Author!" I cried.

WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast, or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.

Museum-piece economy

A highly individualistic people, we in Britain have not always taken kindly to foreign visitors—but we do admit they bring in much foreign exchange!

Today, in fact, they have become a necessary part of our income. They help to pay for our food and for the raw materials from abroad that we need to keep our factories going.

Gradually our hotel-keepers, our shopkeepers and those who see to our entertainment, are beginning to adjust themselves to their needs and tastes.

But there is more to hospitality than mere buying and selling. The range and variety of the things which a foreign visitor can see is all important.

Here the Government must take the lead in creating the right atmosphere. Last year's Festival, with the great South Bank Exhibition in London and the efforts made by towns and villages all over the country, was an attraction to foreign visitors. This year we must rely upon our traditional sights.

Trooping the Colour, the Changing of the Guard, the Royal Tournament, our ancient buildings, are all things the visitor will want to see. But also famous throughout the world are our museums and art galleries.

Here a sad mistake has been made.

No one queries the duty of the Government to make economies in the Civil Service where it can. But recent economies have been applied without thought to the consequences. The national museums and art galleries have been arbitrarily ordered to save £30,000 a year by cutting their staffs.

For the sake of saving that £30,000, which can do very little to help us pay our way in the world, we run the risk of losing far more in foreign exchange. This sort of economy belongs itself to the museum!

Take Osterley Park. This is a celebrated architectural masterpiece built in Middlesex by the Adam brothers in the eighteenth century. Inside it are all the presents and elegant articles acquired for the marriage of Lord Jersey in 1771.

Shortly after the war the Government bought the house and contents for the nation. It was due to be opened to the public this summer; but now it cannot be. The custodians who would have looked after it have been dismissed.

Great change has come about at the British Museum. Ever since it was founded in the days of George III every room in it has been open each day to the public.

Now some of the galleries are only open every other day. Unless the visitor is lucky he will not see the wonderful Mildenhall Treasure and the ancient British burial ship discovered since the war.

Various Oriental, Indian and Egyptian rooms, including the famous mummies, are all closed on alternate days.

Even cleaners have had to be dismissed.

And to save £1,100 a year two attendants and a cleaner have had to leave the Tate Gallery. The finest collection of British drawings and water colours from the late seventeenth century to the present time has been closed as a result.

British water colour painters are the best in the world. But the foreign visitor who comes to admire them has now less chance of seeing their work.

Who would have thought that the day would come when the museum of the Public Record Office would be closed? This means that neither Briton nor foreigner can any longer see the "Domesday Book," the log book of Nelson's *Victory*, and other ancient documents.

These are only some of the restrictions now imposed on our museums and art galleries.

If the Government itself does not do all it can to display Britain in her best colours how can others be expected to do it?

THIS WEEK'S COVER

If that young vandal tearing up the eighteenth green escapes with his life, he will probably win the Open Championship one day. Plenty of famous golfers started young. The great Bobby Jones began playing golf when he was five, Henry Cotton at nine, and Dai Rees's first toy was a golf club. Artist Douglas L. Mays plays golf too, although, as his painting suggests, he doesn't take the game too seriously.

For Elevenses and at any other time There is nothing like Ovaltine

From now on let your 'Elevenses' be a drink that really *does* something. Have a cup of 'Ovaltine'. You will be grateful for its comforting nourishment. At any other time of the day—at mealtimes and at bedtime—'Ovaltine' offers its own special advantages.

WHEN CHILDREN ARE OVER-TIRED

Fast-growing, active children easily overtire. An occasional cup of 'Ovaltine' during the day will help to renew the energy they use up so freely.

WHEN ENERGY FLAGS

There is nothing like 'Ovaltine' as a mid-morning drink or at any time when energy flags. Its quick nourishing qualities will help to keep you going.

AFTER SHOPPING

After the fatigue of shopping a comforting cup of 'Ovaltine' helps to revive and sustain one's spirits and give new zest for strenuous household duties.

THE FAMILY BEVERAGE

At mealtimes — and when occasion arises during the day—every member of the family will welcome a warm, comforting cup of 'Ovaltine'. Its concentrated nourishment helps to energize and sustain.

THE WORLD'S BEST NIGHT-CAP

Millions of people the world over, regularly drink a cup of 'Ovaltine' at bedtime. It helps to promote the conditions favourable to natural, restful sleep.

OVALTINE is the World's most popular Food Beverage

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Beware of NERVOUS INDIGESTION

When your stomach is out of order, be quite sure of the cause before you start taking remedies. Work and worry often cause a lot of nervous indigestion, and the only way to end this is to rebuild and restore your nerves.

Unless your diet contains enough vitamin B, your digestion will suffer; you will become head-achy, irritable, sleep badly, and show all the signs of a nervous collapse.

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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
June 14, 1952 VOL. 91 No. 2398 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

When a boy starts to earn his keep

I AM A SCHOOLTEACHER. The other day a fifteen-year-old boy asked me in all seriousness: "Please, sir, is it true that there's a law that you must give your mother thirty shillings out of your wages when you start work?"

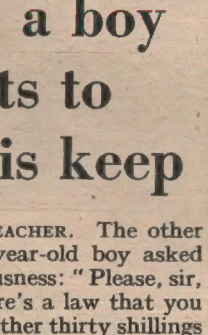
My answer, needless to say, was as diplomatic as I could make it. But it set me thinking. What is a fair arrangement in these days when few parents can be indifferent to the earning capacity of their children? My own boy, aged seventeen, brings home £3 14s. every Friday. Of this he gives £1 14s. to his mother, and out of the balance pays fares (2s. 6d.), canteen lunches (4s.) and small items of clothing such as ties and socks. On an average he banks £1 per week. It would be interesting to know details of other beginners' budgets.—TEACHER, Bucks.

Garden Fire Fiends

WE LIVE IN A SUBURB where everyone has a large, well-kept garden—and a streak of the fire bug in him. Invariably, when the sun starts to shine, and the morning promises to blossom into a beautiful day, the fire fiends start on their devilish work. Wet and evil-smelling refuse is heaped into threatening piles in every garden, set alight and soon a foul, acrid smoke blots out the sun and pollutes the air. It never lifts and never seems to end. Why not spread the litter out a day beforehand to dry? This way the litter will burn out in a matter of minutes. And, please, please, spare the weekends. —G. L., Basildon, Essex.

Heads Would Roll

RONALD CLARK'S article, "Super Chefs Of The Laboratory" (JOHN BULL, May 17), made interesting reading, but on every side we hear our mothers and grandmothers saying that the meat is now dry and tasteless and that food is not as good as it used to be. If the people of the first Elizabethan Age were alive today, I venture to suggest that the butchers' chopping blocks would be used for more than sheep's heads.—MRS. ISOBEL MACKAY, 2 Brunswick Place, Edinburgh.



Army Shows How

IT WAS CERTAINLY a "flashback to the Middle Ages" to read your correspondent's letter about the danger of introducing television into the schoolroom ("Free Speech," May 24). I am at present attending an Army training camp for automobile engineers. The school is perfectly equipped with light and airy classrooms set amid ideal Somerset countryside. Wall charts and drawings illustrate lectures delivered in the most interesting manner possible. Models and workshops are freely available, as well as films and other methods of modern education as yet not widely used in schools. How I wish the school I lately attended in London had such excellent instruction and equipment. And how much more I would have learnt!—PTE. P. MARR, No. 8 Training Battalion, R.E.M.E.

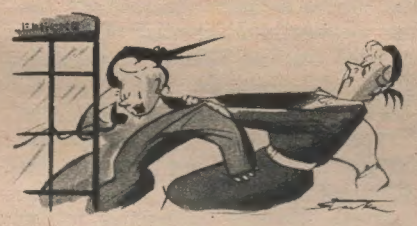
All Change Lessons

AT MOST SCHOOLS the lessons change every thirty-five minutes or so. When the bell rings the children grab their books and run from one class to another, switching their little minds from, say, history to chemistry. This may be good practice for some party games, but is it good for study?

Several American secondary schools which devote a few weeks at a time to single subjects have reported very promising results. There is obviously less boredom this way, since a child can get his teeth into a subject. Also, individual attention is more practicable. I suggest that the scheme be examined over here.—PREFECT, Neath.

Give Them The "Pip"

COULDN'T THE POST OFFICE engineers invent a gadget to cut off telephone box loiterers? Recently, I met in the street a woman who was anxiously waiting to put through an urgent call while



a couple of giggling young women monopolized the telephone box. They had been there for ten minutes and were all set for a cosy chat. Could not the "pip" system used for trunk calls be adapted for local calls?—MRS. M. E. WARD, Punford Road, Parkstone, Dorset.

Planting Out Baby

A COUPLE OF NIGHTS AGO I walked into the garden to see if the children were all right. They were! My daughter, aged four, and the neighbour's son, aged five, had dug a small hole and planted my baby son, aged eighteen months, up to his waist. With the help of a toy watering can, they were pouring water over his head. All three were thoroughly enjoying themselves. I asked them why they had done it. "To make him grow like the flowers, so he can be a big boy," was the simple reply. "But he's wet through and he'll be cold sitting there," I said. "Ah, we've put him a sack to sit on," they replied. And, on looking, they had.—FATHER, Crewe.

The Kite Fighters

KITE-FLYING IS INDEED a lost art in this country, as your correspondent remarks ("Free Speech," May 17). When I was a boy in South Wales, kite-flying was almost a part of our education. Kite *fighting*, in particular, was great fun. We would coat our kite strings with ground glass and glue for a distance of about ten feet from the kite itself. The object was to cut your opponent's cord and thus free his kite to its certain loss. Great skill was needed to cross your opponent's cord in the air so that the abrasive had a chance to cut through. I can remember "fights" going on for hours when there were two experts on the job. Nowadays children can't be bothered with toys which require skill and patience.—E. D. VAUGHAN, 60 Carew Road, Eastbourne.

Her Dowry—Tea

THE STORY "Ten Pounds And A Feather Bed" (JOHN BULL, May 24) reminded me of how my father always said he'd give me away with a quarter of tea. And he did! Before we left for the church he printed "Free Sample" in thick letters down the side of a packet of tea—then 4d. a quarter. The registrar was late arriving at the church and everyone was getting restive. Dad just eased the packet out of his pocket so my husband-to-be and his relatives could see it. The atmosphere lightened immediately and, as soon as we entered the vestry, father handed over the tea with great ceremony. "I always promised to give her away with a packet of tea and I keep my promises," he said. Nineteen years later I am still teased about how my husband was "bribed" to take me.—MRS. STELLA WILLIAMS, 127 Litherland Crescent, St. Helens.

Colour In The Office

IS IT NOT TIME typewriter manufacturers introduced some colour into office typewriters? On a bright, sunny morning recently I walked into our office feeling full of the joys of summer. What a dismal sight met my eyes! Rows of dark, tattered covers concealing black typewriters. How refreshing it would be if the manufacturers produced coloured typewriters to brighten up our sombre offices. — KATHLEEN R. HARRISON, 43 Grafton Street, Preston.

Vanishing Bottles

YOUR CORRESPONDENT ("Free Speech," May 24) refers to the way people waste medicine. But that's only part of the story. What about the medicine bottles that are destroyed almost as a matter of course. I am a chemist, and for three months I kept a count of all containers sent out under the National Health Service. The number of containers returned by patients in that period was seventeen out of a thousand. —CHEMIST, Oxford.

Frontier Hotel

WHILE READING Brigadier George Clifton's thrilling story, *The Happy Hunted*, the name "Villa D'Este"—the hotel on the side of Lake Como to which the Brigadier was making on his escape—brought back memories of my Army days in Italy. While stationed in Milan in 1945-46 we used to run a liberty

Villa D'Este: Clifton was captured nearby

truck to Lake Como, and I often passed this famous hotel.—W. EARYE, 17 Upwell Road, Luton.

. . . As an ex-p.o.w. I find *The Happy Hunted* very interesting. Although escapees rightly deserve all praise, there were many unsung heroes who stayed behind and covered them up. In my camp, Stalag IV B, the R.A.F. compound was alongside that of the Army. As the R.A.F. men had button compasses, handkerchief maps and so on, most breaks were made by them. To assist these breaks and foil the hunt, the Army boys were called in. The required number would smuggle themselves into the R.A.F. compound and assume the identity of the escapers. Next morning on roll the discrepancy in numbers could not be covered up, but at least the R.A.F. personnel were all present. The unselfishness of these volunteers was beyond praise when you realize it was necessary for them to forsake their own identity, which meant they could not accept letters or parcels from home nor write home themselves.—J. V. KELLY, 32 First Avenue, Newhaven, Sussex.

This week's instalment of "The Happy Hunted" begins on page 19.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

WHICH IS YOUR TYPE OF HAIR?

1 Hair growing vigorously, but spotted with dandruff. Trouble ahead. See A below.

2 Hair receding at temples. Advanced dandruff has begun to affect the hair roots. See A.

3 Plenty of hair, but in poor condition. May degenerate into type shown in 4. See paragraph B.

4 The typical limp, lifeless hair of a greasy scalp. This hair needs immediate attention. See B.

5 A patch of thinning hair. The only answer is: feed the hair roots. See paragraph C.

6 Another case of thinning hair. The site may vary, but the need is the same. See C.

7 Result of long neglect of the hair. This man ignored many warning signs. See C.

You may lose

HAIR HEALTH

if you ignore these warning signs

HAIR health cannot be left to chance. To enjoy a handsome head of hair—and to enjoy it for a lifetime—you need a simple, but sensible hair routine, and the ability to understand and correct unhealthy hair conditions.

This article gives practical advice about several common, but distressing hair troubles which, allowed to go unchecked, will undermine your hair health.

In every case the danger is a stoppage in the normal supply of hair-forming substances to the hair roots. This leads inevitably to falling hair—unless the roots are nourished directly, from outside. For this purpose scientists have evolved a blend of the *natural* amino-acids vital for hair health. They have called this organic solution *Silvikrin*.

The photographs above illustrate typical hair conditions which need Silvikrin; full details and methods of use are given below.

CONDITION and PRESCRIPTION

A DANDRUFF

(*Pityriasis sicca*) The most unsightly of all common hair troubles. Unfortunately dandruff is highly contagious. A yeast-like organism is always present, and there is much evidence that it is responsible for the disease. An inflammatory process is set up in the scalp which, if allowed to continue, results in extensive thinning of the hair.

The need for treatment is urgent, for dandruff scales soon begin to clog the pores of the scalp. The scalp becomes hard, choking the delicate blood vessels which nourish the hair roots. The hair begins to die from starvation. Action is needed.

Shampoo your hair weekly with a Silvikrin shampoo. Massage the scalp, for at least two minutes night and morning, with Silvikrin Lotion with Oil. It will tone up the scalp, feed the hair roots and supply the natural oils which dry hair needs.

B GREASY SCALP

(*Seborrhoea oleosa*) Lank and over-oily hair is the first warning. The sebaceous glands are producing an abnormal amount of greasy matter. This soon forms a grey deposit on the scalp which blocks up the follicles out of which the hair grows. Finally, the hair root itself is affected—starved of the organic substances vital for hair health.

In all cases of this type diet can be a help: cut down on all starchy foods. But Silvikrin, because of its special nutritional property, offers the most direct, most speedy and most simple treatment.

Keep your hair fresh and clean by using a Silvikrin shampoo at least once a week. Choice of Silvikrin is genuinely important, because its special quality prevents the harmful effects that sometimes follow the too frequent use of an inferior shampoo. Massage (two minutes night and morning) with Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion—it will tone up the scalp and feed the hair roots.

C THINNING HAIR

Yes, a grim situation—but by no means a hopeless one. Let us face it logically. **1** The *basic* cause is a lack of the hair's natural food. **2** That food must be supplied *from outside*, to stimulate the hair mechanism back to health again. **3** For this *fundamental* purpose, Silvikrin is quite indispensable. It is a blend of no less than 18 vital amino-acids—the *natural* substances essential for healthy hair. **4** Bad teeth, infected tonsils or some other septic focus can gravely affect your hair. Check these with your doctor or dentist. Then, with every confidence, give Pure Silvikrin a patient and reasonable trial.

Probably you have neglected your hair for many years—so that it may take some time to restore it to health. You will never regret your decision to use Pure Silvikrin.

1 Slight cases. *Silvikrin Lotion with Oil should be massaged into the scalp morning and night. If your scalp is rather too oily, use Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion.*

2 Bad cases. *Apply Pure Silvikrin night and morning with the addition of a little Silvikrin Lotion with Oil if the hair is dry.*

3 In patches. *Apply Pure Silvikrin to the spot where thinning occurs. Then massage the whole scalp with Silvikrin Lotion with Oil or Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion. Apply this treatment night and morning.*

Healthy hair but . . .

Perhaps you already have healthy hair. You keep it clean and well-groomed. You see no reason why you should do anything more. Nor do we. But we say again: prevention is better than cure: under the conditions of modern life *nobody's* hair health can be taken for granted. And Silvikrin is the perfect safeguard. So we suggest this simple rule: when you shampoo, use a Silvikrin shampoo. When you groom your hair, use a Silvikrin dressing (either Silvifix or Silvikrin Lotion with Oil). For all Silvikrin products contain *Pure Silvikrin*. You take no more trouble—but you do take a sensible and pleasant precaution.

THE SILVIKRIN RANGE

for hair health that lasts a lifetime

Pure Silvikrin—12/6

Silvikrin Lotion with Oil and Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion } 2/9, and 4/10 (for large economy size)

Silvifix Hair Cream—4/6

Silvikrin Soapless Shampoo—3d.

Silvikrin Liquid Shampoo—1/6

Silvikrin Cream Shampoo—1/6 and 2/6

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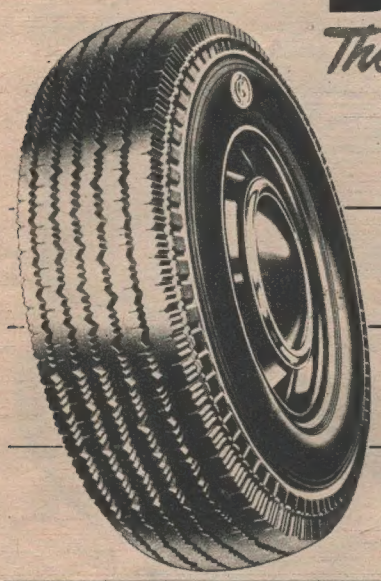

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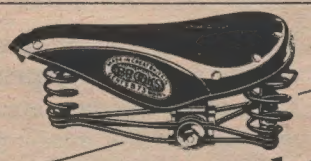

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Herbert Wilcox on the *Trent's Last Case* set. On his left, Anna Neagle. On his right, Margaret Lockwood, the new partner in a prosperous business

Anna Neagle's Herbert takes on a new star

by DENNIS HOLMAN

The film salesman and the ex-chorus girl hitched their wagon firmly to the star system. Now, the British screen's most successful money-spinning couple becomes a threesome

ANNA NEAGLE AND HERBERT WILCOX were staying once at a provincial hotel during one of her personal appearance tours. At the same hotel that night was an important singer whom Herbert wanted to cultivate. Anna had never seen the singer before, but as they entered the dining-room Herbert spotted him. It was a difficult moment, because Herbert had already told him that his wife was one of his devoted admirers.

She was too far ahead of Herbert to be warned in time. All he said was: "Anna!" Instantly her eyes swept the crowded room and, as they passed the celebrity's table, she inclined her head towards him with a smile that was nothing less than the full treatment.

After twenty years, Anna's reactions are probably intuitive, for apart from being her producer and director, there is, on Herbert's side of the relationship, something between Pygmalion's feeling for his statue and a boxing manager's with a prizefighter under contract. Their respective rôles as director and star have never merely been confined to the studio. Anna has travelled extensively, but in all her travels hardly a place has been visited or a journey made without Herbert. She has never accepted an engagement without his advice. Having discovered her, trained her, groomed her, brought her out and built her up to a top box office success, he remains the force and inspiration of the team, the task-master, mentor, guide and protector.

Under Herbert's guidance, Anna has sung and danced in musicals; vamped in garments of fish-net; flown aircraft in khaki shorts, ruled an empire with pouches under her eyes. She has faced a firing squad buttoned up to the neck, and flirted with a king in

Anna and Jack Buchanan in the film of *Good Night Vienna*—a success that altered her whole life

The Wilcoxes at the Mountbattens' home, where *Lady With A Lamp* scenes were filmed

Anna, a sports enthusiast, talks to players in an international hockey match at Wembley

décolletages that were banned in America. She has suffered torture, and carried a lamp through the Crimea. In all, there have been twenty-six pictures, that have earned the Wilcoxes fourteen film and popularity awards. They have also appeared in the Honours List; both are Commanders of the British Empire.

Was It Celluloid Bigamy?

Though critics affirm that there are many more inspired directors than Herbert Wilcox, few have ever come near his record of financial successes; and though there may be more beautiful stars on the screen who can sing, dance and act a lot better than Anna Neagle, there are not very many who can command a tenth of what she earns. The answer is, of course, that the Wilcoxes not only know how to make the best of what they have, but, more important, they know how to put themselves across.

When it was announced recently that Herbert Wilcox had signed Margaret Lockwood, the gossips wondered if Anna Neagle had been eclipsed. Herbert, they said, had not looked at another leading lady in twenty years—this was celluloid bigamy!

But before Herbert learned to make pictures, he learned how to make money. He had not been in the film business very long before he was aware of the importance of what is known as star value. In 1920, a year after he had put in his war gratuity of £117 with his brother Charles to form Astra Films, he paid Mae Marsh £1,000 a week to come over from America to star in his first big production, *Flames of Passion*.

He had learned about star value when he was trying to sell films in the north of England shortly after his demobilization. It was a tough business. He often had to sell his wares with no more knowledge of them than was to be found in the advance publicity blurbs, but if the film had a star, he found that the cinema managers were never really concerned with the theme or the story. The experience left Wilcox convinced of the necessity of always using a star if his productions were to prosper, but there were times when his efforts to meet star salaries led him to the verge of financial ruin.

He paid Dorothy Gish £7,000 to appear in his silent version of *Nell Gwyn*. The film cost £20,000, a larger sum than he started with, and every Friday he could be seen dodging out to raise the wind for his staff salaries. But he sold the film outright for £35,000, making a clear profit of £15,000 for himself.

Wilcox's Discoveries

Herbert once totted up the number of pictures he has made: the score exceeds 400. In his time he has starred Nina Boucicault, George K. Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, Will Rogers, Pauline Frederick and Nelson Keys. He brought Herbert Marshall and Charles Laughton to the screen for the first time; and, more than thirty years ago, filming in an old glasshouse near Kew Bridge, he gave a young man named Clive Brook a part in a two-reeler, *Whispering*. Evelyn Brent was another Wilcox discovery. She and Clive Brook played opposite each other in a melodrama entitled *Trapped By The Mormons*.

Jack Buchanan was one of the West End stars signed up by Herbert. He was to play in *Good Night Vienna*. For the leading lady Herbert had tried for Lea Seidl, of *White Horse Inn* fame, but she was not available, and he went to the Hippodrome that day, where Jack was playing in his hit show, *Stand Up And Sing*. Herbert arrived towards the end of a matinée performance, and stood in the wings. "Who is that girl Jack's kissing?" he asked.

He was told she was Anna Neagle, who had just got her first big chance in that show.

"Here we are looking all over Europe for a girl to play in my film," Herbert declared, "and we have one right under our noses!"

Of the first meeting of Anna Neagle and Herbert Wilcox, he has no recollection whatsoever. Anna says it took place in 1929, about the time C. B. Cochran invited her to understudy Jessie Matthews in *One Dam Thing After Another*, and Anna failed the test because she was too uncertain of herself. She was out of work after the show closed, and went to try her luck at the studios where Wilcox was making *The Triumph Of The Scarlet Pimpernel*.

It was a miserable day, and she waited two hours in a freezing entrance hall in the hope of seeing Wilcox. Eventually he appeared. Anna told him that she was Marjorie Robertson, with chorus experience, and Herbert asked her to send her name and photograph to his secretary. The episode was so depressing that she wrote in her diary: "Saw Herbert Wilcox today about film work—think I'll stick to the chorus."

Changed Name In Teashop

Anna Neagle's film début was in 1930—a small part in *Should A Doctor Tell?* Soon after that she had a part in Matheson Lang's *The Chinese Bungalow*, for which she earned £50 for four weeks' work—and a new name. The producer explained that the name Marjorie Robertson, already publicised as a Cochran girl in a number of West End musicals, would be undesirable in association with a star of Lang's dignity and reputation. They discussed a new name in a teashop in Wardour Street. Anna was a name she had always liked; Neagle was the family name of her Irish mother.

One evening her agent rang to give her the thrill of her young life. Jack Buchanan, he said, was looking for a girl to take the ingenue lead in his new show, *Stand Up And Sing*. Anna had been in the chorus of another of Buchanan's shows, *Wake Up And Dream*, and he recognized her immediately. She was so nervous that she could hardly sing at all, but she was taken on for the three months' provincial try-out. Her name went up in lights for the first time when the show opened in London on March 5, 1931. That night the audience rose after the performance, and Anna felt the applause beating up in waves.

Stand Up And Sing ran for 604 performances. It was after one of those performances that she heard that Wilcox had been watching her from the wings and wanted to speak to her. He was forty, the managing director of his own company, British and Dominion, and a considerable force in British films.

Anna earned £50 a week for her part in *Good Night Vienna*. It ran for three months in the West End, and on the strength of it Herbert made the decision that altered their lives. Anna Neagle, he observed, had good looks, good health and a good figure. She was thrifty, ambitious, sensible, hard-working and willing to learn—the young star material that he had been looking for all his career. Her talents were adequate for the work he intended to put her to, for the screen makes only gentle demands. Herbert signed her up on the spot and devoted his life, experience and resources to making her what she is today.

New Look For Margaret

Margaret Lockwood shares many of the good trouper's qualities with Anna. Margaret is industrious and painstaking, she does what she is told, and she never complains. As Herbert said soon after their future association was made public, "She is one of the most valuable assets in British films, but unfortunately the victim of a system not geared to build stars." What Herbert plans is to develop her with more maturity and poise, with softer hairstyles, make-up and voice tone. She will be more passive and gracious than she has been shown before—more sympathetic and inviting.

In fact, there are many clues to Margaret's future development in the way that Wilcox built up the girl who became his wife.

A friend once walked into their home at

Michael Wilding and Anna in *Spring In Park Lane.* He says she is the shyest actress he knows

Elstree and found Anna cutting out a cotton frock for herself; she was making a personal appearance at a suburban cinema the next day, and Herbert, she said, wanted her to wear something that any fan could have made herself. There are, of course, occasions when Anna must appear in dresses gorgeous enough to quench the beauty of all others there—Cinderella nights when she becomes the fulfilment of every fan's dream. But fundamentally, Anna's relationship with her fans has always been personal and intimate.

The most assiduously publicised aspect of Anna Neagle is her conscientiousness, her capacity for taking pains. Before *Victoria The Great*, would-be audiences were told that Anna was sent to Switzerland with history books and diaries to saturate herself in the atmosphere of the period and the character of the queen. To understand Amy Johnson for *They Flew Alone*, she visited the airwoman's parents in Hull, saw the house in which she was born, the school she went to; in Blackpool, Anna slept in the very bed Amy had used before going on her last flight.

Whether these experiences made any difference to the actual screen performance when it was shot, fragment by fragment over a period of weeks, it is hard to say. But they made copy.

What the publicity handouts do not say is that Anna Neagle is shy; Michael Wilding, who has often played opposite her, maintains she is the shyest actress he has ever met. She has always been uncertain of herself. Years ago, when she was a chorus girl in *Rose Marie* and the stage director asked her if she would like to understudy one of the bigger parts, Anna turned down the chance. That was before she had Herbert to push her on, decide her movements, speak her thoughts and manage her life.

She has none of the occupational habits or affectations usually connected with people in the entertainment business. Sport and physical training are rather more in her line; indeed, she qualified as a games mistress before going on the stage. At the St. Albans High School for Girls Anna's strong point was cricket. To this day she reads the sports pages of a newspaper first, and her heroes are scrum halves, fast bowlers and centre-forwards.

What Anna Neagle's personality conveys on initial impact is that she is the sort of woman other women like. She is nice, wholesome, reasonable, modest, refined, polite, interested, correct, sympathetic and extroverted. Film technicians have always adored her for her friendliness, her solicitude for their families. The first day she went on the set to make *Victoria The Great* she was trembling. But she asked "Slim" Summerville, an electrician, how his daughter was after her accident a few days before.

With the same kind intentions, Anna never failed to ask after the family of one of the publicity men. "And how's your dear wife and sweet little son?" she used to say, forgetting that he had been divorced and had not seen his family for years.

Despite the success of *Victoria The Great* as a film, its meagre box office returns from America only underlined Herbert's star value theory. Anna, he realized, was not well enough known by American audiences. So their next four pictures, *Nurse Edith Cavell* and three musicals, were made in Hollywood.

Victoria taught Herbert a lesson, and that was never to bank on the American market. He cuts his cloth according to the British box office, regarding £250,000 as the limit that should be spent by British producers, but £175,000 as being far safer. His most profitable productions have been tailored to this price—films like *Spring In Park Lane*, that was booked for only a short run at the Empire, Leicester Square, but ran long enough to break the thirty-eight year record of that cinema.

Herbert Wilcox has always worked to the shrewd business principle of paying and treating his staff well, though some of them may still remember when the pay packet was not always a certainty on Friday afternoons.

Offered Double Salary

There is the story of how, as the end of one of his productions drew near, with salaries owing to most of the staff, Herbert suddenly announced there was to be a party. When all had eaten and drunk their fill, Herbert made a speech. He thanked them for their patience and understanding, particularly for the way in which they had not asked for their money. Then he concluded with the words: "Please don't think I'm not grateful, because I am. I shall never forget how you have borne with me during this difficult time, and when I come back and start my next company, each one of you will have a share in it to the value of the amount due."

When Herbert came back, one of his former executives telephoned. "I've got a job waiting for you," Herbert told him. "What salary do you want? . . . No, I can't give you that—I'll give you double."

Wilcox is superstitious, and believes that his lucky number is thirteen. He likes to begin work on a film and to present it on the thirteenth of the month; and he tries to shoot the thirteenth scene of a film on the first working day.

The Wilcoxes' private lives are no more than an extension of their work. Herbert, sixteen years older than Anna, had been married before, with three children. He and Anna were married in August, 1943, at Caxton Hall. There can be no doubt that Anna came to Herbert with a pretty fat nest-egg. With a sound belief in thrift inherited from her father, a Scots sea captain, she had been saving since the time she was earning £4 a week in *Rose Marie*, and had started a Post Office Savings Bank account with a deposit of £2. She had risen since to weekly salaries around £1,750, besides other stakes in her films, but had always lived quietly and well within her means.

Herbert's Plans For Anna

The Wilcoxes live in a comfortable modern home near Elstree, in which Herbert insists on a picture of Anna being in every room. They collect old silver picked up at little antique shops, do a bit of gardening and keep chickens.

The "other woman" who has come into their film-making lives will not upset Herbert's plans for his Anna, which include a film with John Wayne. Margaret Lockwood was her only serious contender for top place among British film stars, and to re-introduce a little healthy rivalry, they believe, will serve Anna well.

The story is told of the first day Margaret came to work on *Trent's Last Case*. The two rivals had never met previously, except to congratulate each other at film award presentations, and there was uncertainty on the subject of dressing-rooms at the studios where Anna had reigned supreme. But when Margaret arrived she was led to No. 94 on the first floor—the star's. And waiting for her on the dressing-table was a magnificent bouquet of mixed white flowers with a card inscribed "Love from Anna."

THE END

The bar fell suddenly silent. Johnnie, in the centre of the room, coolly surveyed the newcomer. "Understand you killed a man, Trevedian," he said

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

by HAMMOND INNES

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

There above me, remote and fascinating, was my Kingdom—which Trevedian prevented me reaching. But tonight, unexpectedly, my chance had arrived

MY NAME IS BRUCE WETHERAL and I had come to Come Lucky, a little ghost town in the Canadian Rockies, knowing that I had less than six months to live. A week before, the day I heard the physician's final verdict, I learned that I had been left a tract of land in the Rockies by my grandfather, Stuart Campbell. The land was called Campbell's Kingdom, and the old man believed there was oil there.

The solicitor who brought me the news told me he had an offer from a big industrial group who wanted the Kingdom. They planned to build a dam and flood it. But, knowing the short time I had to live, and strangely moved by Campbell's plea that I should carry on his work, I refused to be rushed.

I went to Canada. In Come Lucky, I found only hostility. It didn't take long to discover why; Peter Trevedian, a local contractor, had almost completed the dam—in anticipation of my acceptance of the company's terms. The ghost town's depressed citizens saw in the dam the promise of future prosperity. Campbell, who had hung on to his Kingdom, had not been popular with them; and neither was I.

My only friend in the place was Jean Lucas, an English girl who had befriended the old man, and who expected me to carry on his work. She had brought down papers from the Kingdom that Campbell had left for me. One of them showed that the last news Campbell had received was that a final seismographic test had proved the Kingdom was not oil-bearing. The blow had killed him.

Jean was puzzled. Boy Bladen, the man who had carried out the test, had been enthusiastic about the results. But when I had spoken to him earlier, he had seemed curiously evasive.

I walked back to the Golden Calf, where I was staying, brooding over the problem.

PART 3

Bladen Tells The Truth

THERE were fully a dozen men clustered round the fire in the bar of the Golden Calf. As I came in, they stared at me with the dumb, curious gaze of cattle scenting a stranger.

"Here he is now," one of them hissed. "Give him the telegram, Hut." I caught sight of Peter Trevedian watching me. He was sitting with his big, slow-witted brother, Max, at one of the

tables. Bladen was there, too, talking to Mac, the proprietor.

An old man with long, sad moustaches rose slowly and came towards me. He was dressed all in black with a shapeless, wide-brimmed hat on his head. "You Bruce Wetheral?" His voice was mild and gentle.

"Yes," I said.

"Then this'll be for you, I guess." He held out a telegraph form. "I brought it in from Keithley this evenin'."

The paper was creased and much-thumbed. I opened it out and took it to the lamp, wondering who could possibly know I was here. *Bruce Wetheral, Come Lucky, B.C.* The message read: *Have persuaded Larsen Company to increase offer. Urgent I see you. Hope arrive Come Lucky Tuesday, bringing Henry Fergus, chairman Larsen Mines. Please await our arrival. Vital we finally come to terms re purchase of Kingdom or alternative plan will definitely be adopted. Signed—Acheson.* I glanced at the head of the form. It had been handed in at Calgary at 4.10 p.m.

The silence in the room was intense as I stuffed it into my pocket. The men's eyes were fixed hungrily on my face, and it was obvious that they knew the contents of that wire. I turned quickly and started for the door, intent upon escaping to my room.

But the old man who had given me the wire barred my way. "We'd take it as a favour if you'd spare us a moment of your time," he said.

"What is it?" I asked him.

HE tugged awkwardly at his moustaches. "We-ell. It's like this, I guess, Mr. Wetheral. What we want to know is—are you going to sell or not?"

"I don't see that it concerns you." I tried to keep my voice natural, but it sounded abrupt against the tension in that room.

He stared at me. "You wouldn't understand, I guess. You're a stranger here. But the completion of the Solomon's Judgment dam means a lot to us. You've seen what Come Lucky is—they call it a ghost town." He suddenly raised a gnarled fist and declaimed: "The wrath of the Lord descended upon it and upon us, its inhabitants. Fire and brimstone was sent to destroy the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. Here for our sins the Lord has sent age and decay."

His eyes gleamed like bright stones as he got into his stride. "We came from far places, from decent communities of honest, hard-working people, lured by the riches of gold and oil. We worshipped Mammon and we were abased. We worshipped the golden calf and the Lord sent avalanches to destroy our mines. Oil sprang from the rocks and we took it for a sign." He flung wide his arms like some fantastic scarecrow. "I tell you it was the Devil who——"

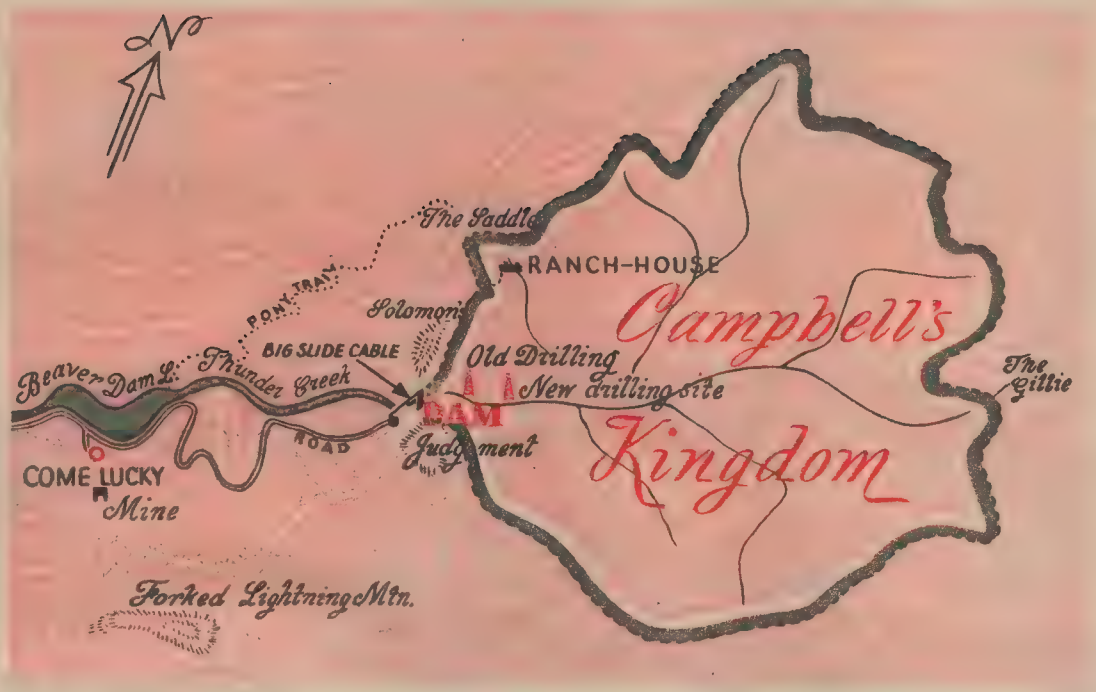
"Come to the point, Hut." It was the man with the fur cap.

The old man glared at the interruption, and then, reverting to his ordinary voice with startling abruptness, he added: "You, sir, hold the power to redeem us."

"What he means is that if they complete the dam, Come Lucky will have a new lease of life." This from old Mac's son, James McClellan. His eyes were fixed on me, hard and anxious.

"This scheme has been talked about for some time now. But Campbell wouldn't sell and he swore he wouldn't leave. They didn't dare drown the old. . . ."

He left the sentence unfinished, and his hand clenched tight. "The damned visitors who came up here regarded him as a character. They went up there and filled him full of rye and listened to his stories. Newspaper men, too. They wrote columns about him and they'd have fought the company if they'd tried to flood him out. Well, he's dead now. And nobody ain't going to fight for you, Wetheral. You're a stranger here." He looked round the men at the tables. "We want to be sure that you're not going to stand in



the way of the townsfolk here the way the old man did."

The others nodded. "We want to be certain sure you're going to sell to the company," a bundle of old rags with a fur cap said in a reedy voice. "If you do that then there'll be money in Come Lucky again, I guess. I can open up my store. Ain't bin open since 1941."

"George is right," exclaimed another. "There'll be money, and work for those that want it. Peter'll have the cable going again, won't you, Peter? There'll be all the machinery to haul up and the materials to complete the dam. It'll be like old times here in Come Lucky."

"It sure will."

"Well?" McClellan asked. "What are you going to do? Let's have it right here and now, so that we know where we stand."

I stared at them, all eyeing me, all silent now, waiting. McClellan's eyes were fixed on me greedily. And suddenly all of them seemed to have the hunger of greed in their eyes, as though the old boom days were just around the corner. They were like a bunch of shiftless curs eyeing a bone.

"I'm not selling," I said.

PETER TREVEDIAN'S chair flung back against the wall with a crash as he got to his feet. "Look, the townsfolk here want this scheme to go through. It's important to them." His eyes were hard and angry. "You owe it to the people your grandfather ruined."

"And suppose he was right?" I said.

"What—about the oil?"

There was a hoot of laughter.

"Then show us the river of oil," somebody called out. And another shouted: "Aye. You drown Come Lucky with oil. We'll drown the Kingdom with water. See who's flooded out first." A shout of laughter followed this.

Under cover of it, Trevedian said quietly: "Take my advice, sell the place and get out."

I turned to Bladen. "Tell me the truth about that survey," I said.

"Oh, to hell with the survey," Trevedian snapped. "Why don't you think about the people here for a change?"

"Why should I?" I cried. "What did they ever do for my grandfather except try and cash in on his discovery and then blame him when they lost their money. I might have been willing to sell, but——" I looked round at the group facing me. The watery eyes of the old men glistened in the lamplight. They looked as ghostly as the town and their eyes had the fever-brightness of men about to jump a claim. "But I've just discovered that my grandfather knew the results of that survey. Somebody took a copy of the report up to him just before winter set in."

"What's that got to do with it?" James McClellan demanded.

"Just this." My voice trembled. "In my opinion the man who did that was responsible for my grandfather's death. Because of that the welfare of this town is no longer a consideration as far as I'm concerned. And if I knew who'd done it——"

"If you knew, what would you do, huh?" Max Trevedian had thrust his massive body to its feet. "I took that report up. I gave it to Campbell." He lurched forward, hot hate in his eyes. "It killed him, did it? That is good."

I STARED at the foolish grin on his thick lips. "You're mad," I heard myself say. And Peter Trevedian said: "How was my brother to know that the report showed there was no possibility of oil there? We naturally thought the old man would want to know the result."

I turned to him, staring at him. "You sent your brother up with that report?" I said.

He nodded. "Yes. I sent him."

I looked round at the others. It was then I noticed that Bladen had left. Feeling suddenly sick at heart, I crossed to the door and went up to the seclusion of my room. It was bare and cold and very quiet. I put down the box Jean Lucas had given me containing my grandfather's things. I had been clutching it very tightly as though it were the old man's ashes, and my fingers were stiff. My face looked grey and haggard in the blotched mirror. I poured myself a stiff whisky, but the liquor didn't warm me and I was still shaking as I slumped down on to the bed.

A few minutes later, there was a knock on the door. It was Pauline, James McClellan's friendly French-Canadian wife. She stood looking at me nervously. "Are you all right?"

"Yes," I said pushing myself up on to my elbow. "What is it?"

"Boy Bladen is down below. He wants to talk to you. Shall I tell him to come up?"

"Yes."

She hesitated. "Is there anything I can get you?"

"No, thanks."

"Good night, then." She smiled and closed the door. I sat up and lit a cigarette. A moment later I heard Bladen's feet on the stairs. He knocked and pushed open the door. "Mind if I come in?" His voice was quiet, but his dark eyes had a peculiar brightness. He shut the door and stood there, hesitantly. "I've just been talking to Jean."

He didn't seem to know how to go on, so

Continued on page 22

My breakneck dash to rescue Mussolini

by OTTO SKORZENY

Otto Skorzeny

Here, for the first time, is the full story behind one of the war's most sensational exploits. It is told by "the most dangerous man in Europe"—Skorzeny himself, whose daring feat made him into a legendary figure

As the others left, Hitler began to speak to me.

On July 26, 1943, I was lunching at the Hotel Eden, in the centre of Berlin, when my secretary telephoned me in great excitement. "You are summoned to the Führer's headquarters, Chief," she shouted into the mouthpiece. "A plane will be waiting for you at five o'clock."

Masking my own excitement, I answered: "Tell Radl to go immediately to my house, pack my uniform and bring it to the airport. You have no idea what all this is about?"

"No, we know nothing."

At the airport, Radl, my adjutant, who had served with me in counter-espionage work in Holland, was waiting for me with a bag and a brief-case. While I changed quickly into my S.S. uniform, Radl mentioned that the radio had just announced a change of government in Italy; but neither he nor I associated this with my sudden call to G.H.Q.

A Junker 52 was tuning up on the runway. Turning to Radl, I said: "I must be able to reach you at any minute of the day or night. As soon as I know anything I will telephone you. Order our two companies to stand by."

The plane took off. Soon we crossed the River Oder and the woods and fields of Neumark. I had no idea where Hitler's G.H.Q. was; I knew only that it was somewhere in East Prussia and that it had been given the code name of The Wolf's Redoubt.

Secret Lakeside Airport

Behind us, the sun was sinking slowly. The landscape had changed to a level plain, dotted with small lakes. I made out a small airport close to a lake. The plane touched down and rolled along the landing strip. Our flight had lasted not quite three hours. A large Mercédès awaited me in front of the administration block. An n.c.o. saluted smartly and told me that he had orders to take me at once to Hitler's G.H.Q.

Driving along a woodland road, we soon reached the first check points. The n.c.o. had given me a pass, which I had to present to the officer in command of the post. He entered my name in a register, I signed, and the barrier swung open. The road was now narrower. We crossed a railway and reached a second barrier. Once again my papers were checked.

Camouflaged Buildings

We passed through the entrance to grounds surrounded by a high enclosure of barbed wire. Soon I saw some buildings and huts with tufts of grass and small trees growing on the roofs. Camouflage nets had been spread to give the place the appearance of a wooded copse.

It was almost twilight when we stopped in front of the Tea House. A simple one-storey building, it consisted of two wings. A little later I learned that the left wing housed the restaurant where Field-Marshal Keitel, Chief of Staff of the Army, took his meals with his generals. The Tea House proper was in the right wing of the building. I was led into a spacious lobby, furnished with padded armchairs and several tables. An S.S. captain received me and introduced me to five other officers—an Army lieutenant-colonel and an Army major, two Luftwaffe lieutenant-colonels and an S.S. major. Evidently they had been waiting for my arrival, for the S.S. captain disappeared immediately.

"Gentlemen," he announced on his return, "I am about to take you to the Führer. You will be presented to him and will give him a brief account of your military career. After that, the Führer will perhaps ask you a few questions. Follow me, please. . . ."

We entered another wooden building and found ourselves in a large lobby, similar to that in the Tea House. In the soft indirect lighting I noticed a small picture in a narrow silver frame on the wall: Dürer's "The Violet." We were led through a door on the left into a large room. In the middle of the room stood a table, massive and solid, covered with maps. We took up our positions at the end of the room. Since I was the lowest ranking officer, I stood at the extreme left. A door facing us opened and, as one man, we sprang to attention.

Adolf Hitler saluted us by raising his arm, his hand bent forward in the characteristic attitude we all knew so well. He was very simply clad. He wore the Wehrmacht officer's tunic, without any insignia of rank.

As the S.S. captain first presented the officer at the extreme right, I could not observe the Führer as well as I would have wished. At first only his voice reached me; he was asking a few brief questions. I was familiar with its quality, for I had heard it so often on the radio, but I was surprised to discover that gentle, somewhat

"Mussolini has been arrested," he said. "He must be rescued. You must face every risk to save him"

drawling intonation which makes the Austrian accent so charming.

Already the other officers had summed up their careers in a few concise sentences. Now Adolf Hitler stood before me. As he extended his hand, I concentrated all my will on one idea: above all, I must not exaggerate my bow. In spite of my deep emotion, I managed to bow briefly. Then I swiftly mentioned my boyhood in Vienna and membership of the Nazi Party, my training as a civil engineer, my service as an officer on the Russian front and on secret missions in Holland, and my present duty of planning sabotage schemes for the Near East. While I spoke, the Führer looked me straight in the eye. Then he stepped back a pace and suddenly asked the first question: "Which of you knows Italy?"

I was the only one to answer affirmatively. "Before the war I was there twice," I explained. "I rode my motor cycle as far as Naples." He nodded. The second question was immediately forthcoming. "What do you think of Italy?"

My fellow officers made conventional remarks about "Italy, our Axis partner" and "our Ally." Then it was my turn. "I am an Austrian, Führer," I said simply. I had always judged this answer sufficient to explain my point of view, for any good Austrian must suffer deeply at the loss to Italy of the South Tyrol, the most beautiful region we ever possessed.

Hitler scrutinized me long and thoughtfully. "The other gentlemen may retire," he said at last. "Captain Skorzeny, you will stay. I wish to talk to you."

We were alone now. The Führer still stood in front of me. His height was barely above the average; his shoulders stooped slightly. He began to speak very rapidly and with more animation.

"I have a mission of the highest importance for you. Yesterday Mussolini, my friend and our loyal partner in the struggle, was betrayed by his king and arrested by his own compatriots. Now, I cannot and will not abandon the greatest of Italians in his hour of peril. For me the Duce represents the personification of the last of the Roman Caesars. Italy, or rather her new government, will no doubt join the enemy camp. But I shall not go back on my word. Mussolini must be rescued, and speedily, otherwise they will deliver him up to the Allies. I therefore entrust you with this mission. If, as I ask you, you bend every effort and face every risk to attain your goal, then you will succeed.

"There is one more essential point," he went on. "You must consider this the most absolute of secrets. Apart from you, only five persons are to be in my confidence. You will be transferred to the Luftwaffe and placed under the orders of General Student, whom I have already informed of this. You will see him presently; he will supply you with further details. You must yourself conduct investigations necessary to your mission. As for the military command of our troops in Italy and the German Embassy in Rome, both must remain in ignorance of everything; they have a completely false conception of the situation and they would only act counter to our interests. I hope you will soon give me good news. I wish you the best of luck."

Bemused By The Führer

The more the Führer spoke, the stronger I felt his hold upon me. His words were filled with such warmth and feeling, especially when he mentioned his unshakable fidelity to his Italian friend, that I did not even question the success of his plan.

"I understand perfectly, Führer," I answered, "and I will do my best."

A hearty handshake ended our interview. The Führer still gazed straight into my eyes. Even when, having turned about, I made my way towards the door, I sensed that he had not stopped watching me. Just as I was about to cross the threshold, I saluted once more and saw that I had been right. He followed me with his eyes to the very last.

A minute or two later I was sitting in front of a substantial meal in the Tea House. But I had barely time to remove my belt and to raise the cup to my lips before the orderly returned: "General Student is waiting for you in the adjoining room, Captain," he informed me.

The door swung open and I entered a small office to present myself to the general, a slightly potbellied man with a jovial face. I informed him that the Führer had just explained to me the main lines of my mission.

Before he could reply there was a knock at the door. Himmler, the master of the S.S., walked in. After a brief handshake, he invited us to be seated.

The most striking thing about Himmler's face was the old-fashioned pince-nez he wore. His singularly set features betrayed nothing of what passed through his brain. He launched forth into a picture of the political situation in Italy. Like Hitler, he did not believe that the Badoglio government would remain in the Axis camp.

"You Must Be Crazy!"

As he analysed the events which had led to Mussolini's downfall, Himmler cited the names (none of which I knew) of officers, political figures and members of the nobility. As he described one man as a traitor, another as lukewarm, a third as a firm supporter, I took a sheet of paper and my fountain pen out of my pocket in order to take a few notes. Himmler, in a fury, rebuked me roundly. "You must be utterly crazy!" he stormed. "What on earth are you playing at? These things must all remain top secret. Remember them, for God's sake."

I hastily pocketed my fountain pen.

"Italy's defection is certain," Himmler was saying. "The only question is: when will it occur? It may well be tomorrow. Italian emissaries in Portugal are already in negotiation

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Ted Ray

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with the Allies." Then, changing the subject, he discussed with General Student certain matters which were not my concern. Remembering that my comrades in Berlin were waiting for me to telephone, I asked for permission to withdraw.

While I was waiting in the hall for my call to go through, I lit a cigarette. Almost at the same moment, Himmler emerged from the general's office, and shouted: "Always those cursed cigarettes! Can't you let a few hours pass without smoking them? I can see already that you're not the man we need for this mission." Casting one last enraged glare at me, he vanished.

"A promising beginning," I said to myself. "This is the second bawling out I've had this evening."

"All this isn't very serious," the Führer's aide-de-camp assured me. "The Reichsführer gives everybody hell, and a minute later he forgets all about it. No doubt he is nervous; when he is in that state, you never know where you stand with him."

I rejoined General Student and, in a few moments, everything was arranged. I was to fly to Rome next morning with him. Officially I would be his aide-de-camp. At the same time fifty men from my shock unit were to fly from a Berlin airport to the south of France; thence they were to join me in Rome, travelling with the First Airborne Division, which was scheduled to fly to the Italian front.

Too Excited To Eat

Outside, the telephone rang; Lieutenant Radl was on the wire. "We are charged with an important mission." I told him. "We leave tomorrow morning. I cannot give you more exact details over the telephone. I will call you later. For the moment, get all the trucks ready to pick up equipment. I am taking along fifty men with me, so prepare colonial equipment and parachute rations for everybody. Everything must be ready by five in the morning."

At the Tea House I asked an officer to give me a room, and to send me a secretary to telegraph my orders to my unit. While drinking black coffee—I was too excited to eat—I drew up a long list. My little corps of volunteers must have the largest possible firing power, yet it must carry the minimum of weight. We might perhaps be forced to make a parachute landing; I therefore allowed for two machine guns per nine men. All the others would carry tommy guns. Grenades we must have, too. We would need plastic explosive—say about sixty-five pounds; we would use the British plastic which we had recently seized when it was dropped to their agents in Holland, and which was superior to ours. We would need colonial helmets and underwear, rations for three days on the way and three days in Italy. I immediately telegraphed this list to Berlin.

I wondered whether there was anything else I had forgotten. I would need radio sets and perfect radio liaison. That meant we would have to agree on a correspondent in Berlin, on a code valid for a month, and on as frequent hours as possible, day and night, when we might broadcast. I accordingly sent another telegram to Berlin. Our messages were transmitted as "strictly confidential news of State."

The List Kept Growing

But I had not yet finished. Other details kept coming to mind. We would need tracer bullets for the tommy guns in case of a night engagement, medicines and also one or two Medical Corps men. The list kept growing, and I constantly kept calling my Berlin office.

It was not until three in the morning that I could think of resting. An orderly led me to the basement air raid shelter. Although my bed was comfortable, I could not drop off to sleep, but I at least had leisure to reflect calmly. For the first time I realized the difficulties I had to overcome.

To begin with, we must find out where Mussolini was being kept prisoner. Assuming that we managed to solve this initial problem, what were we to do next? Should we have to storm a fortress or a prison? I did not see how I could possibly succeed.

Suddenly I remembered the fact that I was the father of a family. I turned on the light again and drew up my "last will and testament." Then, aware that I would never fall asleep, I left my cabin and asked an orderly where I could take a shower. A good shower, now boiling, now icy, removed the last of my anxieties. At a quarter to seven, I was seated at a table in the Tea House with a ferocious appetite.

I took my brief-case and jumped into the car I had ordered the day before to take me to the airport. It was not the one at which I had landed the day before. Student arrived a few minutes later. Then I put on a flier's suit which was much too small for me, and a Luftwaffe cap was crammed down on my head.

We landed on an airport on the outskirts of Rome at one thirty; we had covered roughly 1,000 miles in five and a half hours.

The following day the first contingents of General Student's parachutists began to land from several transport planes. Two days later my men arrived. Then I returned to Frascati, G.H.Q. of the German troops in Italy, with Radl, my orderly officer. Only after we settled safe in my room did I inform him of our mission.

Luckily I could recall two names among those Himmler had reeled off: Kappler and Dollman. Kappler was our police attaché; he commanded an organization which seemed likely to be able to help us. Dollman, who had lived in Rome for many years, had apparently excellent relations with influential people. Following Himmler's advice, General Student and I got in touch with these men, revealed the purpose of our mission, and asked them to help us in our quest.

Arrested Inside Palace

At first we heard only the most diverse and fantastic rumours. Some spoke of Mussolini's suicide, others of a serious illness, still others of his confinement in a sanatorium. However, we did manage to establish that the Duce had called upon the King of Italy on the afternoon of July 25. From that moment, no one had laid eyes on him. Obviously he must have been arrested inside the royal palace.

The first exact indication we received came to us by pure chance. Among the Italian officials whom our police attaché knew was a captain of Carabinieri, or militarized police. This man dropped a valuable hint: apparently the Duce had been taken by ambulance from the royal palace to the Carabinieri barracks. Checking this information, we found it to be correct. Unfortunately more than ten days had elapsed since the arrest, and meanwhile Mussolini had probably been taken elsewhere.

During the next three weeks we all strove to learn where the Italians had locked up the Duce, without success—until at last chance came to our aid. One day in a restaurant in Rome we made the acquaintance of a fruit merchant who had customers at Terracino, a small town on the shore of the Gulf of Gaeta. One of his customers had a servant girl who was more or less affianced to a Carabinieri stationed on the island of Ponza, where there was a prison, and he used to write often to the girl. In one of his letters he happened to mention the arrival there of a man of note—"a very important personage."

This clue was confirmed, much later, by the rash statement of a young naval officer who, in the course of conversation, led us to understand that his cruiser had transferred the Duce from Ponza to La Spezia, the naval base.

This information was forwarded to the Führer's G.H.Q. through General Student. As soon as I had communicated the "tip" on La Spezia, I received orders to prepare the rescue of the Duce by abducting him. But we learned that the Duce had once more changed prisons.

Himmler Consulted Stars

In Berlin, they had meanwhile mobilized even clairvoyants and astrologers. It was Himmler himself, it seems, who was inspired to appeal to the supernatural. I never learned of any positive result achieved by their research.

Shortly afterwards we heard a strong rumour that the Duce was interned in the naval fortress of Santa-Maddalena, on the north-west tip of Sardinia. One day an officer in our Navy, who was engaged in liaison work with the Italian Navy—his name was Commander Hunaus—informed us that a prisoner of note was detained in the old fortified city.

This piece of news seemed to me to be important enough for me to fly at once to Sardinia and check it in person.

NEXT WEEK: We trace Mussolini, but he is spirited away before we can rescue him

STRIPEY

by

DUDLEY HOYS

ILLUSTRATED BY RAYMOND SHEPPARD, R.I.

He was old and battered; the hounds were fresh and out for blood. I had seen him earn a better end than this . . .

He went over the wall with the hounds close behind, heading desperately for the river

THAT AUTUMN, THE HEAVENS had been opening in a series of heavy downpours. There was water everywhere, glistening on the crag faces, glinting dully among the mosses, bubbling and hissing in the becks. As for the Ire itself, it ran fast and frothing through the upper dale. In between the frequent showers, the sun shone on a washed brilliance of colour, greenery almost luminous, and dying brackens that positively throbbed with a glow of bronze and cinnamon.

I had been out on high with Joe and Ted to gather our hoggs—lambs born in the spring—ready for the trucks to take them to the coast. When we had steered the blaring procession down to the lower slopes, I left the two men to the easy job of penning them in the intakes, and wandered off slowly along the bank of a narrow beck. With all this water, it was likely that the first run of salmon had come up to spawn, and it has always fascinated me to watch the big fish seeking their spawning beds.

Ten minutes of pottering brought me to the point where the beck joins the Ire itself, about a hundred yards upstream of Ling Dub. The river was boisterous here, leaping in waves over the scattered boulders, swirling from rocky bank to rocky bank, a foaming torrent, not very deep, but wickedly dangerous. A man trying to swim it would have been pulped against the boulders. Even a dog or a horse would have had no chance in that wild water.

Standing on a low spur of rock at the edge of the river, I had the surprise of my life. Out of the froth, with velvet ease, slid a small, brownish body, followed by another. The two handfuls of wet fur slithered up the rock, clear of the river, and crouched there, looking up at me. They were otter cubs, silky little things with the playful grace of kittens. I kept dead still, and they came on, and started to crawl over my boots, and rub themselves against the leather.

Now, I had heard of this trusting innocence of otter cubs. Experiencing it for the first time, I had to admit there was something touching about it. Bending cautiously, I tickled their soft, wet heads. They showed no fear, but went on playing with my boots.

Their mother would be around somewhere. At any moment I expected to hear the whistling summons. None came. I stepped back carefully a few paces, and the cubs scuttled after me. It was ridiculous, and charming.

Then I remembered there had been a meet of the otter hounds down at Whinbank that morning. It explained a lot. They must have been up this end, and the mother had deliberately led them downstream, away from her cubs. I caught myself hoping that there would be no kill. Sentiment or no sentiment, the idea of these two tiny creatures being left to fend for themselves was a miserable thought. In any case, I have never cared for hunting the otter. It may take an odd duck or chick in hard weather. Certainly it relishes a juicy salmon. But it kills innumerable eels, the worst enemies of salmon, since they follow them up the becks and eat the spawn.

From downstream, to the west, drifted distant sounds. The cubs at my feet took no notice. But I listened with uneasy ears. Above the throb and gurgle of the Ire, I could hear a faint belling, getting nearer. The hunt was coming back this way. One casual snap from a hound and these two would be limp, dead fur. I stooped and gave them a shove, and made loud shooing noises. They retreated a yard, reluctantly. There was such an air of hurt rebuke about them, I burst out laughing. But the belling was loud now, and I had to scoop up small clots of the scanty soil and throw them at the cubs and drive them back into the river for their own sakes. I hoped their mother would get safely upstream beyond Ling Dub. For once, instead of merely not caring for otter hunting, I abominated it.

There was movement in sight. Figures hurried along the bank below the dub. They kept level with a line of pale heads, swimming upstream. And the next development was ominous. Across country, towards my end of the dub, came three men running with a dozen hounds pattering

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"The blood's going to her head," Reg pointed out scientifically. Charlie gazed down at his sister's purple face with interest. He had an idea

Charlie and the sneezing oak

by ***JACK TREVOR STORY***

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

In three hundred years the tree had survived enemies galore and the elements. It could not survive Charlie

THE OAK TREE HAD STOOD FOR SOME three hundred years when Maudie Pontweed and her brothers and sister found it that bright spring morning. It had stood against the elements of centuries, survived the myriad enemies of arboreal life, been overlooked by woodcutters galore, had outgrown—in its time—all tree life in the vicinity and, finally, had come to be regarded as an historic relic, to be preserved at all costs.

It was for this reason that the children, who had passed the old oak hundreds of times without a second glance, now made this special Saturday morning pilgrimage.

Suddenly the tree had become the subject of heated controversy; a "Save the Tree" committee had been formed, and lengthy articles concerning its historic background and significance had appeared in the *Sparrowswick Guardian*. All this because the council had decided to uproot it. The tree stood where Sparrowswick Heath met Sparrowswick Garden Suburb; a new road was to be laid, red-brick houses erected—and the tree was in the way.

With elections imminent, the council, who seemed to have vast, over-riding powers in all directions, were obliged to put their plans in abeyance. Their irresistible force had met the immovable object of public sentiment for a worthless hunk of dead wood. There had been extraordinary meetings by the score, alleged misquotations by the Press, near-abuse from eloquent readers of the local paper and finally a brief announcement from the editor to the effect that correspondence on the subject must now cease.

The community had settled down to await the next move.

It was at this uneasy stage that Maudie, Charlie, Reg and Louie came to the tree. Sue, Louie's twin sister, had stayed at home because she was not interested in trees which you were not allowed to climb; baby Claude they had left mercifully asleep, and they had with difficulty convinced little fat Bessy that the tree bore no food of any kind. This was an educational excursion which made it something of a novelty, for usually any educational gain from their Saturday activities was purely coincidental.

Considering how old the tree was and how much fuss everybody was making about it, the children were not impressed by its appearance. As a tree it was no longer a success; it had long passed its prime. For one thing it was dead, and had been dead a long time. The seasons no longer aroused anything in it at all; the trunk was twisted and tortured and gnarled, deformed by the scars of severed limbs and ugly with petrified fungus. It was the merest husk of a tree, with black lightning-splits down each side which almost cut the hollow trunk in half, and from near the top a solitary dead bough, divided halfway up, was thrust into the sky like a defiant victory "V."

"I don't think much of that," Charlie said, disgustedly. Charlie, a fair-haired, nine-year-old adventurer, was not the one to appreciate the dignity of age, especially in trees.

Reg, a year older, dark and almost immaculate

Continued on page 29

I fly into paradise island

by HARRY HOPKINS

I had been prepared for disillusionment. But in fabulous Bali, where schools have begun to elbow out festivals, I found an elusive magic, beyond the imagination of a tourist agency. . . . Second article in Hopkins's report from Indonesia

A Brahmin priest in Bali. Attending him is his grandson, who will one day be a priest

DEN PASAR, Bali

THE WILD, JUNGLE-GROWN hills had ended at last and under the plane's wing appeared the wavy chalk line of sea breaking on coast. There was a narrow gap of water, and then, on the other side, the green slopes and cratered peaks of a diamond-shaped island that lay in the wake of Java like a very small dinghy in the tow of a yacht.

This, I knew, must be Bali, the famous Bali, the "last paradise on earth" over which so many artists, anthropologists and film-makers had poured out so many millions of ecstatic words; Bali, the small island where the rich, ancient Hindu-Javanese culture, driven from the rest of Indonesia before the hosts of Islam, had found refuge, to live vividly and astonishingly on. Or was that just copywriters' slickness? I was quite prepared for disillusionment.

The first thing I saw when I landed was a large red notice at the entrance to the airport building. ANNOUNCEMENT, it began baldly, IT IS PROHIBITED TO ANYONE TO MAKE PHOTOGRAPHS OF BALINESE WOMEN WITHOUT BREAST-COVERING OR NUDE, DONE ON PURPOSE OR ACCIDENTALLY, AS IT IS CONSIDERED UNDIGNIFIED AND HUMILIATING TO BALINESE WOMEN IN PARTICULAR AND THE INDONESIAN NATIONALITY IN GENERAL.

The revolution, it seemed clear, had not passed Bali by.

Solidarity Through A Hat

A young Balinese, addressing me in excellent English, introduced himself as Tjokorde Rai Parsi Sukawarti, the man from the Ministry, whose task it would be to show me the island. He wore a khaki bushjacket and, surprisingly, for, like all Balinese, he was a Hindu, a round black velvet Muslim *kopiah*. He wore this on principle because—as he explained later—it was "Indonesia's national headgear" and, as such, a demonstration of nationalist solidarity. He had been a youth movement leader and, as the big American car sped under the gently swaying palm trees towards Den Pasar, he talked of what he had seen in London and New York and Chicago, arrived at, circuitously, via a political prison in Holland.

In Den Pasar I found the Bali Hotel, still owned by K.P.M., the Dutch steamship line, its

One of Bali's famous dances. With wings of buffalo hide, girls symbolize butterflies, moving to the rhythm of xylophones and drums

Le Mayeur, the Belgian painter, with his Balinese wife. He is one of the island's institutions. Now he is attacked for wanting to keep it as it is

lobbies still stacked with Balinese woodcarvings and silverwork, pop-eyed scarlet-tongued devil masks and those curiously intricate Balinese paintings. But above the souvenir shops in the main street there was a poster on a wall that struck, perhaps, a new note. Across it, young men and women, rifles in clenched hands, clambered starry-eyed over smoking wreckage towards a bright dawn. It was announcing a film *Enam Djam In Jogjaj* (Five Hours In Jogja). I bought the local paper and found a slashing column-long attack on the "reactionary" Le Mayeur, the Belgian painter who is married to a Balinese and has for many years been one of the island's institutions. M. le Mayeur, it emerged, had been indiscreet enough to remark to someone that, for himself, he would like to keep Bali as it had always been.

The Dusty And The Brand-new

I met Le Mayeur that afternoon. A gentle old man with grey hair and lined, sun-darkened face, he was standing in his little Balinese-style house at Sanur, in shorts and dusty bare feet, in the middle of a group of eager young Americans who looked, as usual, as if they had just been unwrapped and taken brand-new from the boxes. The American brigantine *Yankee*, it seemed, was just in with a cargo of round-the-world students. Le Mayeur smiled at them benignly. Outside, beyond the archway of crimson bougainvillaea, where a long trestle table was being laid for a meal, the breakers thundered on the white beach, sparkling in the sun. Inside, the dark little house glowed and was warmed by the rioting reds and browns of Le Mayeur's paintings of sloe-eyed Balinese maidens on tropic beaches, the beach outside.

"Gee!" cried the American girl in the corner, "isn't it just wonderful to be in Bali!" When she'd majored in psychology at Smith, she explained, she'd had to study the Balinese mind. And now here she was, actually in Bali. It was sure wonderful. . . . She was arrested in mid-ecstasy by the entrance of the traditional Bali festival dish—a roast sucking pig, borne on a platter by two brown Balinese girls with flowers in their glossy black hair. The young Americans disappeared in a whirl of cameras, tripods and exposure meters.

Fifty yards away, under the shade of a tree, the Balinese orchestra was arranging itself, the rows of brass gongs, the xylophones, the long drum. Here, presently, Pollok, Le Mayeur's wife, would dance for us. The brown girls with the flowers in their hair moved down the long trestle table with their bowls of crackling roast pig.

Pollok appeared, dressed for the dance, with high glittering crown, decked with flowers, tapering golden cylinders through her ears, a bright sarong, a fan. When Le Mayeur had come to the island and made her his model, she had been a famous *legong*-dancer, and now, twenty years later, she was still a beautiful woman, with great dark Hindu eyes, smooth golden skin and finely cut features.

The orchestra struck out sharp, cascading sounds. The dance began, a fluttering, pulsating, exciting thing, a dance of joy, very different from the slow, formalized, exquisite court dances I had seen in Java. Cameras were clicking and whirring, exposure times being bandied through the air as the young Americans went into a photographic scrum. "Hi! Joe!" shouted one healthy young man with a crew-cut. "Stills!" They were terrifyingly competent.

Two worlds, one very old and the other very young, had met on that sparkling white beach at Sanur that afternoon, and neither of them—perhaps for just that reason—seemed wholly real. But, as the days passed and Tjokorde took me about his island, I discovered in Bali an elusive magic, an inner mystery far beyond even the slickest tourist agency copywriter.

Even The Pigs Are Different

Bali is an island enclosed by walls, mellow brown mud-covered walls, dappled in patterns of sunlight and shadow, thatched along their tops by an endless shaggy fringe of old brown straw. The walls stand shoulder-high, tranquil and timeless, shutting in the roads, and, as one drives along, one glimpses, over the top, rows of thatched "pigeon-cotes" that are in fact household temples. The roads were alive with people. Long-snouted black pigs, with a curious sag in the middle of their backs—for in Bali even the pigs are different—dashed across the road in front of cars. Unhampered by Koranic prohibitions, the Balinese supply the Chinese of Java and Singapore with their beloved crackling pork.

Many of the women we passed were arrayed in their finest, brightest sarongs, and carried on their heads great round trays of fruit and flowers, beautifully displayed, under red-rattan covers. These were offerings. For this was the temple festival season in Bali and each of the women was on her way to her local temple. They were everywhere, these temples, soaring stone or red brick gateways, elaborately sculpted, slender palm-thatched pagodas, Shiva, Vishnu and Brahma enthroned.

We came to a temple where the women were ascending the steps in a steady stream. Two high bamboos, from which garlands of leaves and ornaments depended on long strings, swayed over the roadway. Two grotesque stone figures, guarding the gates, had been dressed in checked cloths, a red flower behind each ear.

Trade, Gambling—And Shrines

Like others in Bali the temple was formed of several open courtyards, enclosed by low walls. Beyond the holy waringin trees in the outer court, rows of women vendors sat on the ground selling rice and grated coconut, chili peppers and sweetmeats, bananas and rice wine. An old crone with sagging breasts and a mouthful of worn black teeth over scarlet betel-stained gums grinned up at us as she hacked chunks off a small roast pig on to cool green squares of banana leaf.

The women bearing the offerings on their heads passed on through here, and into the second courtyard where small groups of men were playing gambling games around a newly erected thatched canopy which covered the cock-fighting arena. Through here, too, the women passed and entered yet another high narrow gateway which gave entrance to a third courtyard. Here were two more thatched sheds, their floors raised shoulder-high on stilts, and on to these platforms, turning their backs, one after the other, the women eased the load from their heads, ranging the heaped, exquisitely arranged trays of mangosteens and bananas and papayas and breadfruit and flowers around the outer rim of the platforms. This courtyard was studded with shrines and altars, gay now with flags and multi-coloured streamers of silk.

Back through the gateway, in the second courtyard, the dusty arena was suddenly full of cock-owners and cocks. Each temple had its own three-day festival—the time fixed by the phases of the moon—and these cock-fights were an essential part of the ritual. At least three were prescribed.

Shouting The Cock-fight Odds

The ring cleared quickly as the two chosen contestants took up their positions. *"Bing-bing!"* roared the crowd, leaning over the ropes, shaking their fists at one another. *"Gasalle! Gasalle! Bing-bing!"* These, it seemed, were the betting odds. A small boy ducked swiftly from side to side across the ring, collecting the stakes. In the centre now, the two cock-owners were lashing on to their birds' feet, with many turns of thread, long shining knives which they took from velvet-lined cases.

Soon, yells from the cock-ring shook the still air. Feathers flew. The dark red blood trickled through the dust. It was quickly over. The defeated cock owner held his savaged bird by its two legs, limp against the ground. If it moved, if it even lived, the fight must go on. But the bundle of wet feathers did not stir. All around the ring, money was changing hands. Over to one side, the village gong-and-xylophone orchestra tinkled merrily.

The next evening I had the good fortune to be present at a performance of *legong*, the most famous of the many dances of Bali, performed by two or three highly trained little girls. The "stage" was a dusty oblong space in front of the towering temple gates which were outlined to the top by flickering oil lamps.

Down the two long sides of the oblong the musicians, Balinese batik scarves knotted around their heads, faced each other, erect and intent before their instruments, the rows of gongs, large, medium and small, the several types of xylophones, the drums, the extraordinary ancient instruments that looked like miniature bedsteads with bunches of feathers sprouting from their

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ILLUSTRATION BY GORDON HORNER

I stood poised for the drop. At that very second the engine-driver looked back down the train. His eyes opened in amazement. Then I leaped

We duel with our S.S. guards

by Brigadier GEORGE CLIFTON, D.S.O., M.C.

THE HAPPY HUNTED (5)

"Anyone attempting escape will be shot," warned the S.S. thugs. George Clifton and his fellow prisoners were not impressed. When the nightmare journey was over the Germans found that half the birds had flown

ESCORTED BY A TOUGH-LOOKING gang of German S.S. *Feld-Gendarmerie,* we marched out of the prisoner-of-war camp at Gavi. It was September, 1943, and exactly a year since I had been taken prisoner and brought to Italy. When the Italian Armistice was announced a few days before, we had hoped for an early release, but this hope had been shattered when German troops suddenly attacked the camp one night and took over from the Italians. There were some seventy Allied officers in our party, nearly all rabid escapers and commando types—very *pericoloso* (dangerous), was how the Italian guards had described us.

At the main road at the foot of the village three buses were waiting to take us on the first leg of our journey to Germany. By the time we had loaded Red Cross boxes on the roofs, and the odd bulky collection of personal belongings, the buses were jammed full, like Irish trucks on market-day. The S.S. *Feld-Gendarmerie* knew their job. Three travelled in each bus. Two occupied the back seat, the third sat opposite the driver, nursing his Schmeisser machine-pistol. That was not all. Three motor-cycle combinations weaved incessantly up and down the little column, one containing a police dog and its *"hund-fuehrer"* or leader. The S.S. sergeant-major shared a small Fiat with his young German officer. Conducted by these gentlemen, we started on a motor tour across Northern Italy. That night we staged in barracks at Piacenza.

Next morning we lost ourselves trying to get out of the city en route for Piacenza airfield in search of petrol. The buses seemed to be continually turning unexpected corners, temporarily breaking up our neat column. "Ginger" Hamilton, an impulsive, stout-hearted South African, decided that if he could dive through the open window while the bus turned sharply left, the tail would screen him from any sidecar crew following round the bend. On the first lefthand turn he dived. Landing very heavily, he rolled over on the edge of the airfield—only to be spotted by German ground staff repairing a Stuka a hundred yards away.

"Ginger" was lucky to get away with his life, because the next vehicle following was the Fiat. Out jumped the S.S. sergeant-major, cocked his Schmeisser, with every intention of shooting Hamilton, who was lying winded on the ground —and the magazine fell off. At that moment the first motor-bike combination roared up, crewed, fortunately, by a burly weight-lifting champion who preferred killing with his hands. He stopped a hell of a rocket for not shooting; but the critical moment had passed, and apart from being roughly handled, "Ginger" escaped other consequences. He was a very lucky, very plucky lad. That episode fairly threw the cat among the pigeons; for the remainder of the journey the *Feld-Gendarmerie* treated us like hardened criminals: blinds drawn; no windows open; no halts, no food or water.

Shortly after midday on September 18, my forty-fifth birthday, we drove down to a railway siding on the outskirts of Mantua. Forty cattle trucks waited there, all except the first four being crammed with Italian prisoners, en route to Germany as slave labour. Presumably they were locals, because hundreds of weeping, wailing women and children surged round the station yard trying to bid farewell to their menfolk. One very decrepit carriage seemed occupied by *Feld-Gendarmerie* guards, not our first crew, but an equally poisonous gang, who were bashing

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back the onlookers most brutally. Although the last place I wanted to travel was near these swine, on principle I demanded a compartment for myself and my senior officers. After some acrimonious argument the S.S. *Oberleutnant* in charge of the train reluctantly cleared space, and in my gear went. He was another specimen of what we now recognized as the bad, half-crazy Germans. Tall, thin-faced, with stony grey eyes, he was as human as a mad wolf.

Threat By S.S. Man

After a long march the rest of our party struggled up to the sidings. Stamping up in his jack-boots, the S.S. *Oberleutnant* screamed, "Halt!" Then he gave them the works properly. "Because so many British officers attempted to escape from carriages and were shot, escaping"—he let that sink in a bit—"officers will travel in cattle trucks, with the exception of your general and his colonels. Your sick and doctors will be in one truck, the others divided between three." He paused and then added: "I demand full co-operation. Any officer attempting to escape is a criminal sabotaging the comfort and security of his fellow officers. He is an active enemy of the Reich, and will be shot immediately!"

About 3 p.m. an engine hit us a terrific thud and we jolted off towards Verona. The train was well guarded. Three flat tops interspersed among the trucks carried machine guns on mountings—probably anti-aircraft was their main rôle. A small platform in front of our carriage had another Spandau, and trigger-happy S.S. armed with Schmeissers lurked in various strategic cubby-holes. Our next-door compartment always had a gun at the window, and another guard watched the other side from an open window in the corridor.

Although crowded, the cattle trucks offered better escape facilities, even when locked and wired, than my equally dirty carriage full of guards with submachine guns.

Within an hour the truck behind got a report through that they had one door ready to open when opportunity knocked, and that the next crew behind them were making good progress in cutting through the floor.

Leaped From Train

Our hospital party had been put in a closed but unguarded truck on the end of the train, probably so that they could salvage any casualties. As the ventilation openings in this truck were not barred, it was relatively simple to climb out and creep round on to the rear buffers and drop off. The real problem was choosing when and where. The sick included Maritch, our handsome, headstrong Montenegrin, who was becoming increasingly worried and desperate as Germany loomed darkly ahead. Once we rattled clear into open country Maritch went at once. The train was travelling some twenty miles an hour when he dropped. Through the ventilator he was seen to get up and run to cover. First man out!

The two doctors, Bill Gray and Vaughan, drew lots to go and Gray won. Of the patients, four reckoned they could make it. Two of them, Percy Pike and Mann, had one foot each in plaster from basketball injuries. Bill Gray insisted that they should go with him and that the plaster should stay on, particularly for the jump. So, as the train slowed, off went the three of them.

Before midnight a half-moon slid up over the mountain rim, complicating our escape problems rather badly. A clear sky and thick frost brought visibility almost up to daylight conditions. The train had laboured and grunted uphill for some hours before entering the Trento Gorge. We stopped. As the train halted two Italian prisoners clambered down and walked away, quite openly. Amid roars of "Halt!" they turned round, put up their hands and started pleading for mercy. A German strolled over, raised his Schmeisser quite casually and gave a short burst. One Italian dropped like a grounded parachute. Still quite deliberately, the gun swung round on to the second Italian—but stopped at the first shot. While the poor devil swayed there, screaming for mercy, the bloody S.S. butcher cursed, cleared his gun, then fired a long burst into the shrieking figure.

But that was not enough. The tall *Oberleutnant* and the S.S. sergeant-major strolled over to the writhing, moaning bodies swinging their Luger pistols and, almost ceremoniously, shot them in the head. Eight shivering Italians were then herded from the truck involved to gather up the corpses and dump them back with the living.

Within half an hour of this incident a whole truckload of British prisoners escaped, either through the floor or an opened door. Some dropped and got away undetected, but the tail scuttled clear in a hail of fire from all available weapons. Tracer bounced everywhere, and the noise was deafening; but, thank God, the train failed to stop, so the damned *Feld-Gendarmerie* had no chance to finish off anyone.

Climbing slowly, twisting between increasingly rugged mountain ranges, the train grunted on towards the Brenner Pass. We reached Bolzano Station. Here Alisdair Cram, our wily gunner cum-mountaineer, staged his sixth escape by suddenly developing an acute appendix. Writhing and groaning, looking very sick indeed (due, I understand, to chewing tobacco), he was lifted out by his anxious fellow-travellers.

Removed On Stretcher

We demanded Doc Vaughan. When this alert, dark-eyed little Welshman arrived, he went through the proper drill, asked the proper questions and, kneeling beside the near-corpse, said to the *Oberleutnant*: "This officer is seriously ill. He must be admitted to hospital at once"—and saved his medical vow by adding—"for examination." The officer was shaken enough to agree that Cram must go; last seen he was on a wheeled stretcher, still groaning loudly, en route to an Italian hospital. He later escaped from the hospital, only to be picked up again on a mountain track leading into Switzerland.

Dusk closed down as we climbed the last long ascent to the Brenner Pass. At the station spanning the frontier, new guards took over. The new crew carried only rifles, so the chances of escape became much better. But downhill into Austria the train went crazy, hurtling round the mountainsides, over bridges, through tunnels at a speed which ruled jumping right out. Also it rained and sleeted. Half-frozen, damp and very depressed, the party, or what remained of it, had reached a low ebb.

Soon after midday our train jolted to its last stop in the sidings near Moosburg, twenty-five miles north-west of Munich. We straggled out from our assorted hutches, and a *Feldwebel* counted us. Three times he checked, getting more agitated each time. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and reported to the reception post. He had signed for the full seventy-two. Cutting his losses, the *Feldwebel* reported: "Thirty-four

"Why don't you marry me—and let me take you away from all this?"

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British officers from Italy. Four sick and one general."

We spent five days in Stalag VII A, Moosburg, then repacked our gear and marched back to the railway, off on the move again to permanent officers' camps, known as "Oflags." We marched out of the gate and across to the sidings, where two third-class carriages fronted a long rake of goods trucks. I was ushered into the first small compartment, sharing it with six others and our guard. In the corner was a lavatory door—a potential escape hatch.

We settled down, all very placid and prepared to sleep. Presently Major Brian Upton went into the lavatory. Five minutes later, he slumped down beside me and said casually: "It's O.K. The weather's rather poor." That meant the window could be negotiated. Our goods train crawled slowly into Munich, and soon after dusk our carriages were unhooked in a marshalling yard. Finally an engine bumped on to our carriage, then hitched up to another goods train.

Almost before the engine got into its stride Wally Binns and George Millar, the author, headed the "stick" of escapers from the lavatory of the second carriage; their plot depended on French contacts in the Munich railway yards, so why walk any farther than necessary? At short intervals, six more rolled down the embankment and disappeared safely into the night. They were screened very simply by four other officers, who grouped round the guard in the corner, chatting briskly in German and, of course, sharing cigarettes. Imagine the consternation and screaming when it suddenly dawned on the guard that he had been sold a very smooth line.

Snored In Unison

Obviously, until the tension relaxed, we might as well take things quietly and try to catch up on some sleep. The best place to jump the train with the idea of making for Switzerland would be just west of Ulm. The train could not make that under three hours. Except for the unfortunate guards, we snored in unison. Last check on our compass still showed west. Long after midnight, I woke suddenly, uneasy and worried for no reason at all, pulled the compass out under my greatcoat—and the blasted needle steadied exactly on our course! Somewhere, sometime we had turned at right angles and were going north.

The train was on an embankment, struggling hard up a gradient and moving at walking pace. A marvellous chance. I tiptoed into the lavatory, slid the window up and climbed out into the chilly bite of morning air.

At that very second, as I stood poised for the drop, the engine driver poked his head out of the cab, some fifteen feet away—and looked back down the train. I watched his mouth open in amazement. Then, as I dropped, the whistle shrilled, and the train stopped with a jerk. I got up quickly and, hoping to fool them, wriggled under the stationary carriage and bolted down the steep, grassy bank on the other side. It was a big embankment, twenty yards at least before a hedge or trees would hide me from view, not to mention bullets. One small bush, half-way down, might help. I sat below it, as the guards came tumbling out. Would they go to the other side? No such luck. The *Feldwebel* had wakened in time to watch me from his window. Almost foaming with rage, he pounded down the slope, stopped a yard below, swung up his Luger—and shot me.

"Quick! I've Been Shot!"

The first shock felt like a good kick on the right thigh. Looking down I realized that the knee had sagged outwards involuntarily, and only my left leg held me sitting on the steep slope. Obviously the right thigh bone was broken. All this came logically; then I saw lots of red blood soaking through my battle-dress trousers—and panic seized me. I yelled at the top of my voice: "Doc Vaughan! Quick! I've been shot!"

Vaughan jumped down the bank, ignoring the excited guards who were threatening to shoot. Slitting my trousers, he made a quick examination. "Has it caught the artery, Doc?" I asked anxiously. "Good Lord, no!" he answered callously. "Only the bone."

An improvised splint was made, and Doc also had morphia, thank God, which put me into a grand pain-free coma before being moved. Finally our four strongest types rolled me into a blanket and hefted me aboard, and on went our train. I was lying on the floor among the feet of three padres and three doctors, and was still conscious enough to follow bits of the conversation. In a nice way the padres wondered what denomination I would be—for burial data presumably. The doctors in their usual cold-blooded manner discussed the future of my leg. In my dopey state, I could not have cared less.

NEXT WEEK: I'm put under close arrest by the Gestapo

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CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

Continued from page 11

I said: "Pull up a chair." I don't think he heard me, for he turned away towards the window. I had the feeling of something boiling up inside him.

"You were outside Trevedian's office this afternoon. How much did you hear of what we were saying?"

"Enough, I think, to understand why you agreed with the report on your survey."

"I see." He did not turn round. "I'm sorry. I thought you were just out to get the best price you could for the property. I thought. . . . Hell!" he said, turning sharply and facing me. "I was scared of losing my trucks. I've a lot of dough tied up in that equipment and if Trevedian had refused to bring it down on the hoist. . . . All I've made in years is invested in that outfit."

He suddenly pulled up a chair and sat down astride it, his hands gripping the back. "Now then, about the survey I did. I formed the impression I was surveying a perfect anticline. It ran just about east and west across the Kingdom. Whether the nature of the rock strata was likely to be oil bearing I wouldn't know. You have to be an expert geologist to determine that. But I do know this—the report Winnick made on the figures I sent him is a lot of hooey. I was never more surprised in my life than when I saw that article in the *Edmonton Journal*. I wrote to Louis right away, but all he said in reply was that if I cared to come and check the figures against the seismograms his office had prepared I'd find them accurate."

"Have you seen him?" I asked.

"No, I haven't had a chance. I've only just come off this wildcat. But I will."

"Is he straight?"

"Louis Winnick? Straight as a die. He wouldn't be old Roger Fergus's consultant if he weren't."

"I was just wondering how he could have produced a report that differs so violently from your impression. Have you checked your figures with the ones Winnick worked from?"

"No. I was working up in the Kingdom all the time. We mailed them to him in batches from Keithley."

"Yes, but how did you get them down to Keithley?"

"By the hoist. Max Trevedian was running supplies up to us and each week——" He stopped then. "Of course. All they had to do was substitute the figures of some unsuccessful survey." He jumped to his feet and began pacing violently up and down the room. "No wonder Trevedian needed to be sure I kept my mouth shut."

He stopped by the window and stood there, silent, for a long time, drawing on his cigarette. "There's something about the Kingdom," he said slowly. "Last year, when I left, I had a feeling I should be coming back." He turned slowly and faced me, eyes alight as though he had seen a vision. "I just wanted to get my trucks and go. But now. . . ." He half shrugged his shoulders and came towards me. "Jean said you wanted to prove Stuart right." His voice was suddenly practical. "She said you'd got guts and you'd do it if you had someone to handle the technical side."

"She's right about the first part," I said. "But it means drilling."

"Sure it means drilling. But. . . ." He hesitated. "How much is a drilling operation worth to you?"

I laughed then. "All I've got is a few hundred dollars."

"I don't mean that." He resumed his seat astride the chair facing me. "Look. If I find the capital and the equipment, will you split fifty-fifty? By that I mean fifty-fifty of all profits resulting from drilling operations in the Kingdom."

"Aren't you anticipating a bit?" I said. "Even supposing your survey did show an anticline, you admit yourself it doesn't necessarily mean there's oil there."

He grinned. "All right. Let's take it step by step. Tomorrow I'll leave for Calgary. I'll have a talk with Louis and look over the figures from which he prepared that report. Meantime, you get up to the Kingdom just as soon as they get the road through and the hoist working. You'll find my trucks in one of the barns there. Somewhere in the instrument truck there are the results of the final surveys I did. Mail them direct to Louis. While you're doing that, I'll go and see old Roger Fergus. He's always been very good to me. He's a pretty sick man now, but if I could get him interested he might put up the dough."

"The only person you could do it with is Fergus," I said. "Otherwise we'd be up against his son's company. Besides, he owns the mineral rights. Of course," I added, "if you could get one of the big companies interested. . . ."

He laughed. "'There's oil in the Rocky Mountains!' You try and sell them that one. They've been caught for a million dollars on one wildcat in the Rockies and it brought in a dry well. No, if we're going to bring in a well, it will have to be without the help of the companies." He turned towards the door. "You leave it to me. So long as I have your assurance that you're prepared to split fifty-fifty?"

"Of course," I said.

"Okay, then. I'll leave you now. Jean said you were pretty tired. It's the altitude. You'll soon get used to it. Good night."

"Good night," I said. "And thanks for your help."

He smiled. "Time enough to thank me when we bring in a well."

The door closed and I was alone again. I lit another cigarette and lay back on the bed. The thing seemed suddenly to have moved beyond me. I didn't feel I had the energy to cope with it.

NEXT morning, Jean came to see me. She was wearing blue ski trousers and a red polo-necked sweater under an old buckskin jacket. I had just finished breakfast and was out on the veranda, enjoying the warmth of the sun and the sparkle of it on the snow-covered slopes that rose above the town.

"Has Boy left?" she asked.

I nodded. "He went into Keithley with Creasy this morning." And I told her what he had planned the night before.

She was silent for a while. When she spoke, her face was serious. "Be careful, Bruce," she said. "This isn't London, with a copper at every street corner. There's an awful lot of country around here."

"What had you in mind?"

"Nothing. I just. . . ." She hesitated, glancing up at me uncertainly. "Stay in Come Lucky, will you, till Boy gets back? Don't go off on your own anywhere."

I took her advice for the next two days and saw quite a lot of her. She found me an old pair of skis, and with the dog we trekked as far as the timber and across the lake to a little torrent where trout could be seen swimming in the dark pools among the rocks. She was a queer, quiet girl. She never talked for the sake of talking, only when she had something factual to say. She seemed a little afraid of words, and mostly we trekked in silence. When we did talk, she always kept the conversation away from herself. I found these expeditions very exhausting, physically, but I didn't tell her that, because I enjoyed them. And they had one advantage: they made me sleep better than I had done in years.

Meantime, Creasy and his construction gang broke through the fall where the avalanche had carried the old road away, and the talk after the evening meal was all of opening up the camp at the head of the creek and getting the hoist working.

When I got in on the Saturday, Mac handed me a slip of paper. "Telegram for ye," he said. It was from Bladen.

Convinced figures not mine. Send Winnick those from Kingdom soonest possible. Roger Fergus died two days ago. Leaving for Peace River. Signed —Bladen.

I looked across at the old man. "How did this come?" I asked.

"They phoned it through to me from Keithley."

I thanked him and went up to my room. So Roger Fergus was dead, and that was that. I was back where I'd started, and the Kingdom was as far away as ever. I stood at the window, staring out towards the peaks of Solomon's Judgment and seeing nothing but an old man in a wheel chair. I was sorry he was dead. There'd been something about him, a touch of the pioneer, and he had been my grandfather's friend. And then I remembered how he'd talked of our meeting again soon, and I shivered as though the wings of death had brushed me. . . .

My presence at the Golden Calf had produced a strained atmosphere, and I had soon decided that the only thing to do was to eat my meals as quickly as possible and get out. It made me very dependent upon Jean for company and upon the hospitality of the two Miss Garrets—the Victorian old dears with whom she lodged.

When I went down there that evening it was raining hard and blowing half a gale from the west. Miss Sarah Garret opened the door to me. "Come in, Mr. Wetheral, come in." She shut the door. "How are your affairs progressing?"

"As well as can be expected."

She smiled at me and her eyes twinkled. "So sensible of you to get Boy to do the organizing side of your venture."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why?" She tapped me with her fingers. "Go on with you. Think I don't know why? I was young once, you know, and I understand only too well how lonely it can be for a girl up here in Come Lucky."

"But. . . ." I didn't know what to say as she stood there twinkling at me. "I didn't send Boy to Calgary," I said.

"Of course not. You just let his enthusiasm run away with him." She gave a little tinkling laugh and then turned quickly at the sound of footsteps. "Ah, here she is," she said as Jean entered the room.

Jean took me into her own room.

"You look tired," she said, as she poured me a drink.

"I feel it," I answered. "It seems so hopeless." And then I told her. "Roger Fergus is dead. His son Henry Fergus now owns the mineral rights of the Kingdom." I suddenly found myself laughing. It was so damned ironical.

"Please!" she cried. "Stop laughing like that." She had hold of my arm and was shaking me. "It'll work out," she added quietly. "You see. You've got a good partner in Boy. Once he gets hold of an idea he doesn't easily let go. He'll find somebody to back you."

She had spoken with a warmth that was unusual in her. "Are you in love with him?" I asked.

She stared at me in sudden shocked surprise, and then turned away. "We'll talk about the Kingdom, not me, if you don't mind," she said in a voice that trembled slightly. She sat down slowly by the fire and stared for a moment into the flames, lost in her own thoughts.

I LEFT shortly after that. Back at the hotel, I found Pauline waiting for me. "Jimmy is going up to the dam tomorrow," she said. "He wanted me to tell you."

"Do you mean up to the top, to the Kingdom?" I asked.

She nodded. "Tomorrow after breakfast. He is going with Ben Creasy."

"Why did he ask you to tell me?"

She hesitated. "Per'aps he thinks that if you see the dam for yourself you will understand what it means to him and to the others." She leaned forward and touched my arm. "You will go with him, won't you, Bruce? He wants so badly for you to understand why it is we do not want this scheme to fall through. If you could see the hoist that he built. . . ." She stopped awkwardly. "He is not unfriendly really, you know. It is only that he is worried."

"Tell him I'd like to come with him, provided he'll take me to the top if the hoist is working."

"Yes, I will tell him that." She flashed me a smile. "Good night, Bruce."

I went up to my room, suddenly too excited to think of reading. At last I was going to get a glimpse of the Kingdom.

I was called at seven next morning. The men were already having breakfast. I ate quickly and went out with McClellan and Creasy.

Come Lucky's single street was a sea of mud, the boards of the sidewalk slippery and black with water. A truck was waiting for us down by the Trevedian office—which was also the bunkhouse for the road gang—the same

"I don't know what got into me—we've only got a window box"

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Make sure

TOLERANCE is too often confused with indifference. No normal person can be *tolerant* of cruelty or injustice. He can only be indifferent to them lest they disturb his complacency.

Tolerance can only be achieved when you have learned to control your own prejudices, make allowances for other peoples' prejudices, and are aware that knowledge is no one's monopoly.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

THIRSTY? *Take the necessary Schweppes*

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

truck that had brought me to Come Lucky. Max Trevedian was loading drums of diesel fuel into the back. They were twenty-gallon drums, but he lifted them as though they were empty cardboard containers.

Peter Trevedian came slithering down through the mud towards us. He wore an old flying-jacket, the fur collar turned up, and a shaggy, bearskin cap.

Max Trevedian paused with one of the drums on his shoulders. "You are going to Campbell's Kingdom today?" He had a foolish, expectant look on his face, and his eyes were excited.

"We're going to the dam," his brother replied, glancing at me.

"The dam—the Kingdom: same thing," Max growled. "We go together, huh?"

"No."

"But. . . ." His thick, loose lips trembled. I thought how like the lips of a horse they were. "But I must go up. You tell me he do not rest. You tell me——"

"Shut up!" His brother's voice was violent, and the poor fool cringed away from him. "Get to work and finish loading the truck."

Trevedian turned to me. "Well, what do you want here, Wetheral?"

"McClellan offered to take me up to have a look at the dam," I said.

"He did, did he?" He called to McClellan and took him on one side. "It can't do any harm," I heard McClellan say. They were both looking at me as they talked. Finally, Trevedian said in a voice that was loud enough for me to hear: "Well, he's not coming up in one of my trucks. If he wants to go up there, he can find his own damn' way up." He turned and climbed into the cab of the truck.

McClellan hesitated, glancing at me. Then he came over. "I'm sorry, Wetheral," he said. "Trevedian says there isn't room for all of us. I'm afraid we'll have to leave you behind. There's a lot of fuel to take up, you see," he added lamely.

He turned away without another word, his shoulders hunched. He and Creasy climbed into the cab. The engine roared, and I stood there watching the truck as it slithered through the mud to the lake-shore road.

I went slowly back to the hotel. Mac was in the bar when I entered. "Are ye not going up to the hoist wi' Jamie?"

"Trevedian refused to take me," I said.

He growled something under his breath. "Well, I've a message for you. Two friends of yours are down at 150-Mile House. Phoned up to find out whether you were still here."

"Two friends?" I stared at him. "Who were they?"

"Johnnie Carstairs and a fellow called Jeff Hart. Said they'd be up here this afternoon to see you if the road wasn't washed out."

I turned away towards the window. Johnnie Carstairs and Jeff Hart were the first two friends I had made in Canada; Johnnie, a mountain guide who had known my grandfather; Jeff, the mechanic who had given me a lift from Calgary. It was the best news I had had in a week.

Unconsciously, my eyes had focused on a figure on horseback slithering down the track from the bunkhouse. He reached the lake-shore road, turned right, and went into a long, easy canter. No need to ask myself who it was. The size of the man told me that.

IT was around tea time that Johnnie and Jeff rolled into Come Lucky in a station wagon plastered with mud. I met them down at the bunkhouse and walked with them up to the hotel. And it wasn't long before I knew what had brought them. Jeff had met Boy Bladen down at Edmonton.

"He said something about that survey being phoney," Johnnie said. "He said Trevedian fixed it and then sent his brother up to the Kingdom with the report." His eyes were hard and narrowed under their puffy lids. "He said you could give us the whole story. The road's just open, so we came over. I was kinda fond of the old man," he added.

I took them up to my room and gave them a drink and then I told them what had happened. When I had finished, Johnnie was on his feet, pacing angrily up and down. "So they got at him through the survey. The bastards! I don't care what they think of him here; Campbell was a fine old man." He turned abruptly, facing me. "Where's Trevedian?"

"Up at the hoist," I said. And then, because I was shocked by the tenseness of his features, I added: "There's nothing you can do about it, Johnnie."

"No?" He suddenly smiled gently. "I'm madder'n hell. And when I'm that way, the meanest crittur on four legs won't get the better of Johnnie Carstairs—nor on two legs, neither." He turned abruptly to the door. "C'm on. Let's go an' feed."

McClellan and Creasy were late getting back, and we had nearly finished our meal by the time they arrived.

"Was it all right, Jamie?" Mac asked.

"Of course it was." For the first time since I had known him, James McClellan was smiling. It gave a queer twist to his features, for it was not their accustomed expression. He nodded perfunctorily to Johnnie as he sat down and got straight on with his meal. "What brings you here?" he asked

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Then I put the other length on top, making a sandwich, and press the tapes together between each ball, taking care to leave plenty of room for air to circulate. I hang two strips by drawing pins in each cupboard—Mrs. Jane Parker, Gt. Yarmouth.

JOHN BULL pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

"Having an instructor beside me gives me confidence"

him. "Bit early in the season for visitors, isn't it?"

"This is Jeff Hart, from Jasper," Johnnie said. "We came over to see friend Bruce here. Understand you wouldn't take him up to the Kingdom this morning."

"Peter Trevedian runs the transport here," McClellan replied awkwardly.

"Sure, sure. Peter Trevedian runs you and the whole goldarned town, from what I hear. Did you know about him sending his brother up to old Campbell with the report on that survey?" Johnnie was rolling himself a cigarette. "Pity I didn't know about that. I had a couple of newspaper boys along who would have been interested."

Nobody said anything. The table had become suddenly silent. Anger underlay the mildness of Johnnie's tone, and it showed in his eyes.

"You'd better go and talk to Peter Trevedian," McClellan said sullenly.

"Sure I will, but at the moment I'm talking to you. Jeff here saw Boy Bladen in Edmonton the other day. Boy seemed kinda mad about something. You wouldn't know what that something was, would you now?"

"No."

Johnnie was lighting his cigarette, and his eyes were on McClellan through the smoke. "I thought you were Trevedian's partner?"

"Only on the hoist."

"I see. Not when it comes to substituting phoney survey figures and driving an old man to his death."

McClellan pushed back his chair and got to his feet. "What the hell are you getting at?"

"Nothing that you can't figure out for yourself." Johnnie had turned away. "My advice to you, McClellan, is—watch your step," he said over his shoulder. "You're riding in bad company, boy." He turned suddenly. "Now, where will I find Trevedian?"

McClellan didn't answer. He just turned on his heel and walked out. Johnnie gave a slight shrug. "I guess Trevedian can wait."

WHILE we sat and drank, men from Creasy's construction gang were filtering in, in ones and twos. They were a mixed bunch, their hands hard and calloused: Poles, Ukrainians, Italians, a Negro and two Chinamen. They wore war surplus clothing relieved by bright scarves and gaily coloured shirts. They were the same crowd that I had seen in the bar each evening.

Johnnie was in the middle of a story when he stopped suddenly, his gaze fixed over my shoulder.

I turned in my chair. Peter Trevedian was standing in the doorway, looking round the bar.

Trevedian's first words halted the hum of talk in the bar. "Just a minute, boys." All faces turned to him. "Anybody here seen my brother today?"

"Wasn't he loading a truck outside the bunkhouse when we left this morning?" a voice asked.

"I seen him." It was one of the old men, the one they called Ed Schieffer. "I seen him right after you left. Saddled his horse an' rode off. I seen him from the winder of me shack."

"Where was he headed for?"

"He followed you. Up Thunder Creek."

Trevedian growled a curse and turned towards the door. It was then that Johnnie slid to his feet. I grabbed hold of him by the arm. But he shook me off. "Just a minute, Trevedian."

Something in the quietness of his voice silenced the murmur of talk that had started in the bar. Trevedian turned, his hand on the door. "Why, if it isn't Johnnie Carstairs." He crossed the room, his hand outstretched. "What brings you up here this early in the year?" His tone was affable, but his head was sunk into his shoulders and his eyes were watchful under the shaggy brows.

JOHNNIE was in the middle of the room, now. He ignored the other's hand. He was rocking gently on his high-heeled boots, anger building up inside him like steam in a boiler. "Understand you killed a man, Trevedian."

"What are you talking about?"

"You know damn' well what I'm talking about. I'm talking about Stuart Campbell. You killed him." Johnnie's voice vibrated through the silence of the room.

"Oh, stop talking nonsense. I didn't touch the old man, and you know it." Trevedian's eyes glanced round the room, seeing it silent and listening. "We'd better go down to my office. We can talk there." He turned towards the door.

"There's nothing private in what I got to say." Johnnie had not moved, but his hands had shifted to the leather belt round his waist. "What were you afraid of—that Campbell would talk to some newspaper feller, that he'd tell them what he knew about the dam?"

"What do you mean?" The other had swung round.

"Campbell wasn't a fool. Why do you think he let them go on with the construction of the dam at the start of the war without making any demand for compensation? Because he knew the dam wouldn't stand the weight of the water."

"I don't know what the hell you're talking——"

"Sure you do. I'm talking about the *Marie Bell* and her cargo of cement. I took a Vancouver shipowner up to the Kingdom in 1940 and he told us the whole thing."

"The construction of the dam is nothing to do with me—never has been. I just pack the materials in." Trevedian's voice had risen slightly. He moved a step nearer. It was like seeing a bull about to charge a matador.

Johnnie laughed softly. It reacted on Trevedian like a slap in the face. He went purple and ugly for a moment, but when he at length spoke, his voice was under control. "You want to get

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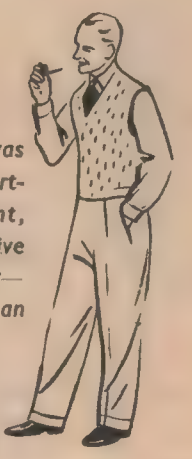

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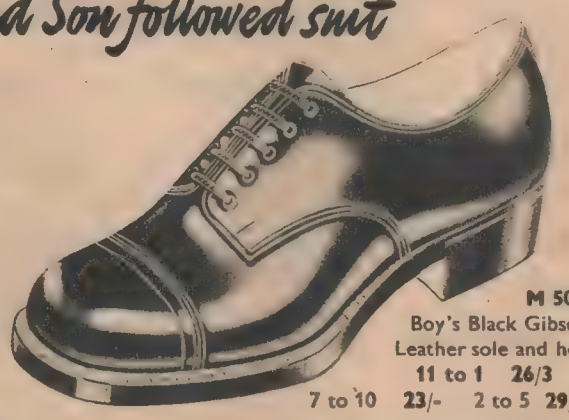

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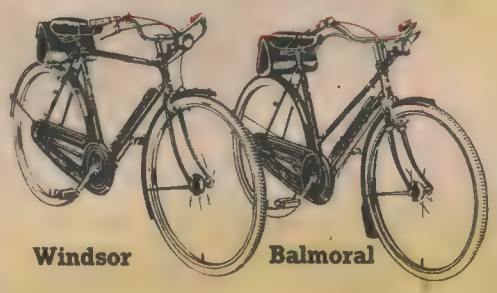

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your facts right before you come storming up here with a lot of wild accusations. It's a dangerous game." Then he turned on his heel and went out into the night, leaving Johnnie standing there in the middle of the floor.

Johnnie didn't move. He stood there, staring at the closed door and, for a moment, I thought he was going to follow Trevedian. But, instead, he came back to our table and knocked back the rest of his beer.

"What's all this about the dam?" Jeff asked.

"To hell with the dam." Johnnie's eyes were angry. "But if that bastard. . . ." He suddenly laughed. "Well, maybe Stuart was right. If he was willing to let things take their course, I guess I should be, too." He put down his glass. "I'm going down to have a talk with Jean." He turned then and went out of the room. And as the door closed behind him, a buzz of conversation filled the smoke-laden atmosphere.

Jeff said: "You know, I'd like to see this dam there's all the fuss about. You been up there?"

"No."

"Well, what are we waiting for? It's a fine night and there's a moon. Let's go right on up there."

I stared at him. "Now?"

"Sure. Why not?"

But some instinct of caution made me hesitate. "It would be better to go up by daylight," I said. "Could we go up tomorrow? Then you'd get a good view of the dam and——"

"Tomorrow's no good," he said. "We're leaving tomorrow." He got to his feet. "Come on, we'll go up there now."

"What about Johnnie?"

"Johnnie?" He laughed. "Johnnie wouldn't come, anyway. He just hates automobiles. We'll leave a message for him. Hell! We can be there and back in an hour and a half. Come on. You don't need a coat. We got some in the station wagon, and it's got a heater, too."

By half past eight we had reached the overhang where Creasy had been blasting when I had come up before. Jeff slowed the car to walking pace. The road was littered with boulders washed down from above. The blast-shattered rock hung right over us, and through my side window the mountainside that had been swept by the avalanche seemed to fall away into nothing.

Far below, in the shadows, I caught the white gleam of water thundering down the creek-bed. Then we were past the overhang and in the timber again, climbing steeply.

We emerged from the timber into a clearing where roofless log huts sprawled among the sapling growth. We had reached the camp, built in 1939 when work on the dam had begun. The trail, blazed by the piles of slash on either side, ran straight across it and into the timber again. Gradually the trees thinned out. The surface of the road under its frozen powdering of snow became hard and bumpy. Then the timber finally fell back behind us and the headlights blazed on the most colossal rock-fall I have ever seen. Great blocks of stone the size of houses were piled one on top of the other, balanced precariously. And above the slide—high, high above it—towered the black shadow of the cliff face, a gleam of white at the top where the moon caught the snowcaps, a gleam of white that wavered and moved as mare's-tails of wind-driven snow streamed from the crests.

The headlights swung across the fantastic, gargantuan jumble of the slide as the track turned away into the wind that funnelled up the dark cleft of the valley. We dropped steeply several hundred feet and fetched up at a square, concrete building that looked like an enormous pillbox.

On the side facing us was a timbered staging on which rested a heavy wooden cage, suspended by wires to a great cable the thickness of a man's arm. Jeff stopped the car and switched his spotlight on to the cable, following it up the slope of the slide. It gleamed dully in the light like the thick thread of a spider, running in a long loop away up the slide until it faded into nothing, reaching beyond the range of the spotlight.

"Well, that's it, I guess," Jeff said. "From what Johnnie told me, it runs to a concrete pylon at the top of the slide and then in one great loop up to another pylon on the lip of the fault." He nodded towards the glimmer of moon-rimmed snow that showed like a lip of silver above the shadow of the cliff face. "Quite a place, isn't it?"

I didn't say anything. I was staring along the threadlike line of the cable, following it in my imagination up the dark face of the cliff, up to the narrow V between the peaks of Solomon's Judgment. That slender thread was the link bridging the dark gap that separated me from the Kingdom. If I could travel that cable. . . . A queer mood of excitement was taking hold of me. I pushed open the door. "Let's have a look in the engine house," I said.

"Sure."

The door flung to behind me, slammed by the wind. Inside the car we had had the heater going full blast and had been protected from the wind. Outside, I found I could hardly stand. The wind tore up the valley. It was not a cold wind, but it had no power to dispel the frozen bite of the air trapped in the circle of the valley head. It was a gripping cold that thrust through one's clothing and ate into one's guts.

Jeff flung me a duffle coat from the back of the car and then we pushed down through the wind to the engine housing.

Inside, we were out of the wind, but the cold was bitter. A powdery drift of snow carpeted the floor and the draught of air that whistled in through the horizontal slit window facing the slide could not dispel the dank smell of the concrete and the less unpleasant smell of oil and combustion fumes.

The interior of the engine housing was about the size of a large room. One wall was taken up entirely by a huge iron wheel round which the driving cable of the hoist ran. This was connected by a shaft to a big diesel engine that stood against the other wall, covered by a tarpaulin lashed down with rope through the eyeholes. Shovel marks showed on the floor where the party which had come up that morning had cleared out the winter's accumulation of snow. A control panel was fixed to the concrete below the slit and there was an ex-service field telephone on a wooden bracket. Behind the main engine house was a storeroom, and in it I saw the drums of fuel oil that had been brought up from Come Lucky.

I stood there for a moment, absorbing it all, while Jeff peered under the tarpaulin at the engine. I turned slowly, drawn by an irresistible impulse. I went over to the slit and, leaning my arms on the sill, peered up to the snow-lipped top of the cliff face. The moon was just lifting above the left-hand peak of the mountain. I watched the shreds of cloud tearing across the face of it, saw the shadows of the mountain receding, watched till the whole slide was bathed in the white light of it.

The thing that had been in my mind ever since I had seen the slender thread of that cable suddenly crystalized and I turned to Jeff "You're a mechanic, aren't you?" I said.

"I run a garage, if that's what you mean."

"Can you start that engine?"

"Sure, but——" He stopped and then he stepped forward and caught hold of my arm. "Don't be crazy, Bruce. You can't go up there on your own. Suppose the thing jammed or the motor broke down?"

The thought had already occurred to me. "There must be some sort of safety device," I said.

He nodded reluctantly. "There'll be something like that, I guess. If the driving cable were disconnected, gravity ought to bring it down." He took me outside and we climbed on to the cage. It was a big contraption, bigger than anything I had seen in the Swiss Alps. He flashed the beam of his torch on to the cradle where the two flanged wheels ran on the cable.

"There you are," he said. It was a very simple device. The driving cable was fixed to the cradle by a pinion on a hinged arm. If the motor failed, all one had to do was knock the pinion out. The driving cable then fell on to a roller and a braking wheel automatically came into action. It was then possible to let the cage slide down on the brake. "See if you can get the motor started," I said.

Jeff hesitated, his gaze held by the shadowed void of the cliff face with its sugar-icing of snow at the top. Then he turned with a slight shrug of his shoulders. "O.K.," he said. "But it'll be cold up there."

There was a pilot engine for starting the big diesel. It was a petrol engine with battery starter. It started at a touch of the button. Jeff pulled the tarpaulin clear of the diesel, turned on the oil and a moment later the concrete housing shook to the roar of the powerful motor. I went to the car and got another coat and a rug. Jeff met me at the entrance to the housing. "Better let me go up," he said. "Tell me where that recording tape is that Boy wants and I'll get it."

"No," I said. "I'm not a mechanic and I couldn't run the engine. Besides, I want to see the place."

He hesitated. "I don't like it," he said. "These aren't English mountains. You don't want to go fooling around with them."

"I'll be all right," I said.

He looked at me, frowning slightly. "O.K.," he said. "Better take this." He handed me his torch. "They've rigged a phone up, by the look of it. The wire probably runs through the main cable. Ring me from the top." He glanced at his watch. "If there's anything wrong with the phone, I'll bring the cage down at nine o'clock, giving one false start to warn you. If you don't come down then, I'll run it up again every half-hour. O.K.?"

I nodded and checked my watch with his. Then I climbed on to the wooden platform of the cage. He shouted "Good luck" to me and disappeared into the concrete housing.

A moment later, the note of the diesel deepened as it took up the slack of the driving cable. I watched the loop of the cable level out and become taut. The cage shook gently and then lifted from its staging. The wheels of the cradle began to turn, creaking slightly. The cage swung gently to and fro. I watched the engine housing slowly grow smaller and then I turned and faced the black, blank rampart of the cliff.

It was an odd journey, alone there, slung in space in the moon-filled night. The rock jumble of the slide fell away steeply below me, a chequer-board of black and white. But ahead all was deep in shadow. A great concrete pillar moved towards me and slid past in the night, a vague shape as the cage ran from moonlight into shadow. For a moment the sound of the cradle wheels changed as they ran on the solid fixing of the cable. Then the whole cradle began to tilt sharply and the rate of progress slowed as it began to climb the vertical cliff face.

Looking back, the moon-white valley seemed miles away. I could barely see the tiny square block of the engine housing. There was no sound except for the creaking of the wheels. The wind whistled up through cracks in the floor timbers. It was bitterly cold. I seemed hung in space, like a balloonist caught in an up-draught of air and slowly rising. I had no sense of vertigo. Only a great sense of loneliness.

It could only have been a few minutes, but it seemed an age that the cage was climbing the bare rock face of the fault. Then we lipped the top and I was in moonlight again and the world around was visible and white. The concrete pylon passed me so close I could have touched it. The cradle toppled down to an almost horizontal position. There was the sound of water in the shadowed bottom of the cleft and I glimpsed the slender veil of a fall wavering as it plunged the full length of the fault.

Ahead of me now I could see the dam, a gigantic concrete wall, unfinished at the top and crumbling away in the centre where the stream ran through. The cage climbed the northern slope of the cleft until I was looking down on to the top of the dam. Then it slowed and moved gently into a wooden staging that finished abruptly at a concrete housing similar to the one at the bottom. The cage stopped with a slight jerk that set the cables swaying.

I climbed stiffly out and looked about me.

To be continued next week

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

I was much interested by this occasion, for the photographer was Miss Lallie Charles, the very same lady who had taken photographs of a number of the stage goddesses whose picture postcards I assiduously collected even at this early age of four years.

One Christmas I was given a Box-Brownie camera, and I tried very hard, but in vain, to photograph my schoolfriends to look like leading theatrical figures.

I went to Harrow, but it did not provide me with many good opportunities for photography, and, in desperation, a friend and I took to some neighbouring woods with an assortment of many extraordinary fancy-dress garments, where we photographed one another in the most artistic manner possible.

Then we decided to risk taking pictures in our housemaster's garden below his windows before he or any of his household were awake. Unfortunately we had miscalculated. The housemaster's wife woke early that morning. Drawing back the curtains, she saw two half-naked figures in Greco-Roman draperies bounding about her rockery and posturing

like statues under her trees.

By degrees other faces appeared, and I looked up to find, with horror, that we had a large but silent audience which, as soon as we started to bolt for safety, greeted us with hoots, catcalls and cries of derision.

I spent much energy in sending my photographs to the weekly society magazines, using my sisters—the only sitters I had—as models. I would post the photographs from various addresses under different assumed names. At last, one "by Liadov" was printed.

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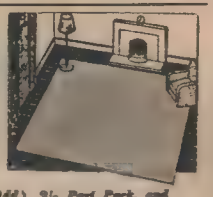

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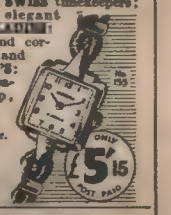

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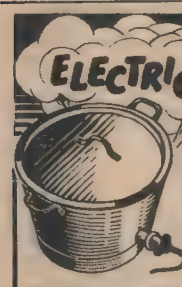

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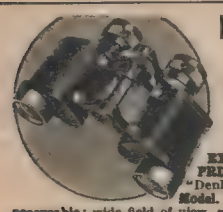

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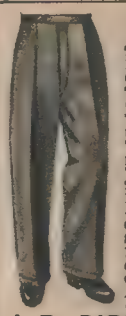

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I FLY INTO PARADISE ISLAND

Continued from page 18

tops, and were in fact *anklungs*. Suddenly, without warning, the hammers struck and went leaping over the small metal strips and the air was filled with stirring music.

A white pi-dog ambled across the dusty "stage" and flopped down on its haunches in the middle with a bored yawn, and at the moment the dingy curtain slung across the temple gateway parted slightly and the two small *legong* dancers, their slight bodies tightly bound and glittering with gold leaf and precious stones, high golden crowns set upon their heads, danced slowly down the steps, an exquisite double image, each duplicating with inhuman precision the movements of the other.

But the glory was absent next day when in another dusty courtyard I watched a *legong* dancer in the making. She was a thin little girl with bedraggled hair and a dirty sarong twisted around her middle. She was seven years old. Behind her, as she postured and twisted endlessly in the courtyard stood an old woman who kept her hands on the child's shoulders, pushing and pulling her limbs. They would be at it like this, they told me, four or five hours a day for months.

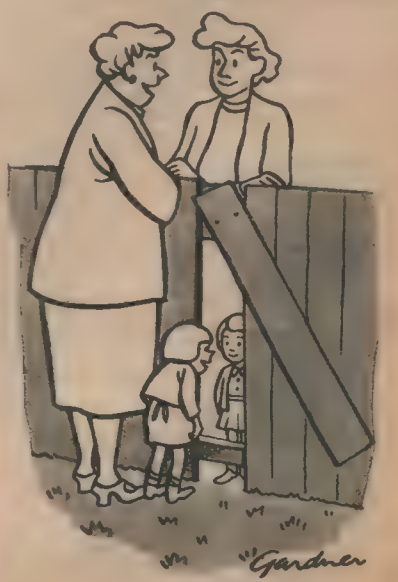
Before I left Bali I made a journey right across the island to Singaradja, the seat of the Resident and of the Governor of the Lesser Sunda Islands, of which Bali is one.

With pride, the Resident took up the tale for Bali, a tale of four times as many children at school as prewar. They were bringing in soon a law to limit the amount of money a village might spend on feasts and festivals and all that went with them. Why? "Well, we need the money for other things—better housing and schools, for instance!"

I thought of what Le Mayeur, the painter, had said that first afternoon in Bali. "Ten years more? In three years, in three years it will be all gone. . . . Schools, yes, but these people are cultivators, fine cultivators—and now they will be bad clerks in offices!"

Was it better to have doctors and sanitary houses and universal literacy—and a juke-box and coca-cola civilization; or to live in dark crumbling hovels, be ridden with T.B. and illiterate—yet be a partner in a living art so vital and true that the sophisticates of the West could only gasp in wonder? Or is that dilemma, after all, not inevitable? For the Balinese have absorbed so much through the centuries, and yet have remained Balinese. Their temples are sculpted not only with the forms of ancient Hindu gods, but also with motor cars and motor bikes and fat Dutchmen, drinking beer. They have survived the motor car. Can they now survive the airliner?

NEXT WEEK: The men who are running the new Indonesia



STRIPEY

Continued from page 15

about them. Then I knew that the otter was likely doomed. They were going to cut it off from the sanctuary.

In the calmer water of the dub, towards the middle, rose bubbles, perhaps fifty yards in front of those swimming heads. In another five seconds the rest of the pattering pack would be into the water, closing the trap. The odds against that mother otter were overwhelming. Those two little bits of fur that had played with my boots had seen the last of her.

I was wrong. Up from a tangle of whins and bracken, right under the noses of those belling hounds, rose a large stag. It must have weighed twenty stone. There were queer, jagged lines on its flanks, giving it a sort of striped effect. It broke back, away from the river, clattering off stiffly yet at high speed, and the hounds poured after it, while the three men bawled curses at them, to no avail.

THEY soon gave up the chase. Otter-hounds were never built to hunt stags. But the diversion had been long enough. By now the otter would be clear of Ling Dub and in the brawling, rock-torn sanctuary upstream. I grinned my relief and crossed over to the three men. They were George Todd, Eb Thwaites and Tom Tryson.

"You'd never expect a stag in these parts," said Eb.

A similar thought was in my mind. A stag on our western fells is a most unusual sight. There is too much naked crag, and too little to eat.

Tom said: "I heard that Gowerdale Hunt put up a stag last week, and hounds followed awhile. Mebbe 'tis same one."

That threw a little light on the problem. The Gowerdale area, to the south-east, with its rounded green tops, and woods sprinkling the middle slopes, provides cover for quite a number of red deer. Although they have no stag-hunt, the fox-hunt operates there several times a week for two-thirds of the year, and on occasion hounds have put up a stag and gone yammering after it. Probably this one, running for its life, had headed north-west, descended into Iredale, crossed the river, and taken refuge among our desolate fells. The surprising thing was that he had stayed among them, and not returned to his own country, for after all, hunger is a relentless goad.

George answered that one. "Did you notice those stripey marks on him?" he said. "I'd say they was wounds."

"Wounds?"

"Ay. Made by another stag. Them long scars could have been done by antlers. Don't forget 'tis rutting season."

So that seemed to explain it. Stripey

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

was possibly the old leader, beaten in fight by a younger and stronger stag, and driven into retreat to nurse his wounds.

We went back to our farms. In odd moments I thought idly about those two silky cubs, and because that scarred stag had unwittingly saved their mother for them I had an interest in him, too. There he was, battered and exiled, somewhere up among our half-starved fells. I felt sorry for him.

But the incident didn't occupy my mind much. There was too much work to be done.

Like most fell farmers, I found an odd couple of hours to go out with the Hunt, the reason being that, with us, fox-hunting is a business. Stop the hunt, and we should have to stop sheep-farming. The fells are what we call wick with foxes, seething with them. They take lambs up to three months, and will attack a full-grown sheep if caught up in whins or snow. We go out on foot with the pack, and some of us carry guns. As I have said, it is a business, not an elegant social occasion.

The meet I attended was five days after the incident at Ling Dub. The hounds picked up scent at the base of a rocky gully that runs down into the dale. They gave tongue and began to fan out, scampering up scree and over clusters of boulders. A dozen of us, men and lads, went panting after them. For once the rain was keeping off, though the sharp nearness of the tops threatened more dirty weather to come. Crags a mile away looked hard and clean and close.

Somebody yelled and pointed, and we saw a reddish-brown streak race across some naked rock close to a rowan growing high up the gully. The hounds yammered with that high note of crisis, and were streaming over the lip of the fell and out of sight in seconds.

We forgot our aching calves and lungs and went plugging after them. If the hunt became a straight run across the tops, we might as well go home. No pair of legs could keep up with them. But there was always the chance of the fox breaking back.

We reached the edge of the fell-breast in ones and twos. We could see the hounds. They were spattering across a mossy trough where the bog-myrtle grows green and sweet-scented in the summer. There they split. Most of them veered north, and we lost sight of them. Four hesitated, cast around, turned towards a dumpy how, or hummock, fringed by tangled brackens and crowned with old heather. Up leapt something big, and went bounding off. It was Stripey.

The huntsman who was nearest the hounds blew his horn and bellowed. He might have been dumb for all the notice they took. Their hunt lust was up, their big quarry well in sight. They went bucketing after the stag, and I found the breath to swear at what was happening. Even at that range, Stripey's lameness was evident.

I had thought just enough about that stag to feel that it deserved better luck. But it had scant chance. Our foxhounds are tall rangy brutes, weighing up to sixty pounds, and tireless. A stag at bay can do a lot of damage. One or two might meet their end on those antlers. But in the end. . . .

Eb was panting along at my side. "Likely they'll get him," he said, and stretched out a pointing finger. Stripey was curving away towards the head of Mart Slack, a knobbly ravine leading down into the dale. The hounds were gaining on him slowly.

Eb said: "No sense in tryin' to follow. Best go down the way we came up. Mebbe we'll see summat more below."

WE retraced our steps, trotting and sliding down the scree in the gully. It amazed me to discover that I had a queer feeling in the throat. I had not felt anything like it since a favourite old horse of mine had to be shot at a great age. As we descended the lower part of the gully and looked diagonally up the dale, we had a glimpse of Stripey and the hounds. They were clear of Mart Slack and moving south-west across the floor of the dale, in the direction of Ling Dub. The stag was making for the river, the crossing free from rocks. The hounds were very close.

We reached the dale and broke into a run. I saw Stripey leap a wall, his hind hoofs kicking off the top stones. The four following hounds went over with the ease of birds. A grazing cow lifted her head and watched placidly.

Eb said, with some satisfaction: "They'll get him at river."

I knew he was right, and the knowledge made me sick.

As we converged towards Ling Dub, Stripey came bounding across the field bordering the river, with the hounds almost upon him. He was swaying, half-stumbling.

He reached the bank, plunged in. He might make the other side. But that would be all. He was very near the end of his tether, and the hounds were fresh. I wanted to look away, far from anxious to witness the finish of it all.

The hounds were in the dub, swimming strongly. Then a swirl ripped the water and one of them let out a yowl. It snapped at nothing and yowled again. A second hound, lemon and off-white, yelped shrilly, clicked at a flurry of foam, paddled frantically, turned, and headed back for the bank. At the same time something sleek and brown popped above the surface for a second.

"By gocks!" cried Eb. "See yon?"

Of course I saw it, an otter playing hell, furiously keeping danger away from her cubs. On land any one of those hounds could have killed her with a couple of bites. But in the water she was eighteen pounds of quicksilver armed with needle teeth and razor claws, diving, twisting, jabbing, scratching, fighting in her own element. Two more mauled and complaining hounds headed back for the bank, and the fourth followed their example. As it scrambled out, the stag emerged on the opposite bank, trotted into a spinney of hazel and scrub-oak and disappeared.

"By gocks!" Eb let out a gusty laugh. "If yon otter isn't a savage little ——"

I said: "Maybe. But she's paid back her debt."

It was a fact, even if it happened to be coincidence, and not what sentimentalists would describe as an act of gratitude.

We stood there watching the south-eastern fells rising beyond the spinney. Presently something appeared, and grew smaller among the shaggy, coloured slopes. Stripey was going home.

THE END

CHARLIE AND THE SNEEZING OAK

Continued from page 16

by comparison with his brother, had a flair for conserving knowledgeable facts. "It's got historic associations," he stated. "It was planted by John Evelyn in the reign of Charles the Fourth for Bonnie Prince Charlie to hide in so they'd have timber for building ships of the line for Admiral Collingwood's fleet in the Napoleonic wars," he said, making a casual and amazingly inaccurate abridgment of at least three different lessons on ancient oaks which he had had since the controversy started.

"Can I stand on me head against it, then?" This was the biggest compliment Louie could pay to anything so important.

"No, you can't," Maudie said promptly. "You're not supposed to touch it."

"It might fall down," Charlie added, derisively.

Louie pouted a little and seemed about to cry when something else appeared to attract her attention. "Oh look, Maudie! Catkins."

The old dead tree was forgotten in a moment when they saw the honey-gold tassels hanging in dappled sunlight from a willow tree nearby. Maudie, Charlie and Reg were soon loudly competing to pick the largest bunches.

It was several minutes before Maudie realized suddenly that Louie was not with them. She hurried back to the old tree. Louie was now upside down on head and hands, her feet against the historic stump, her face twisted agitatedly towards them.

"Maudie! Charlie!" she cried. "Help! I've got me foot caught!"

At first Maudie was more annoyed than surprised or worried. On investigation, it became apparent that getting Louie the right way up was not going to be easy. Louie's left foot had slipped through the burnt slot in the trunk and was now firmly held.

MAUDIE first of all tried twisting the foot sideways, but Louie objected to this loudly. Then she slid the foot up and down in the irregular slot, seeking the spot where the broad sole of the shoe must have gone in. But she could not find it.

"Me arms ache," Louie complained.

"Rest on your head, then," Charlie suggested.

But that hurt, for the knotted roots of the tree stood out from the ground. Maudie's methods became progressively less gentle as the foot refused to dislodge.

"You'll break me foot off!" Louie cried. She gave her arms a rest by letting herself hang on her foot.

Reg intervened. "The blood's going to her head," he pointed out, scientifically.

"Is that dangerous?" Charlie inquired. He squatted down and regarded Louie's face with interest.

"Shut up, you two!" The finger of panic was touching Maudie now, for she had an idea that there was some truth in Reg's remark. She tugged some more and Louie began to cry.

"Take her shoe off," Charlie suggested.

Maudie stopped pulling and twisting. The thought had not occurred to her. She pulled the strap off the button and loosened the shoe. "Help her up a bit," she instructed her brothers.

Charlie and Reg stooped on each side of Louie and lifted her by the shoulders, leaning themselves against the tree for additional support. At first the foot refused to move, then suddenly it took them all by surprise.

"Look out!" Maudie exclaimed.

They tumbled down together in a heap, Louie underneath. When they had sorted themselves out, Maudie gave Louie a quick inspection for damage. Her foot was grazed, her sock torn and her face was tear-stained and very red. But that was all.

"Don't ever do that again," Maudie said, cross but relieved. "Now we've got to get your shoe."

Charlie tried first, but the shoe, even without a foot in it, was wedged securely in the slot.

Reg eased his brother aside. "I'll do it," he offered. "I'll have to take it farther in and turn it sideways—like this. . . ."

Maudie was the first to appreciate what was going to happen. "Hold it, our Reg!" she cried, lunging her hand forward.

But she was too late. After pushing the shoe farther in, Reg released his hold for a new grip and the shoe dropped down inside the hollow trunk.

Reg was annoyed. "What did you want to do that for, Maudie?"

"Me!" Maudie said.

"You pushed me," Reg explained.

Charlie was pressing his face to the trunk, looking into the dark interior. From that angle the inside of the big bole was an exciting cave. It seemed to him that all manner of interesting

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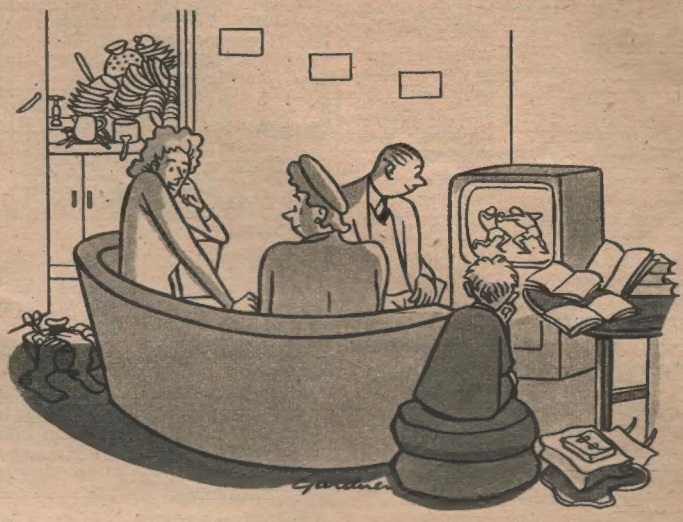

"I don't know *what* we would do without it"

things might be hidden in a place like that: stolen booty—bodies even.

"You're not climbing inside the trunk, our Charlie," Maudie said, reading his thoughts.

"That's a good idea!" Charlie spoke as though the thought was a new and brilliant contribution from his sister which he would never have conceived.

Maudie almost fell for the flattery in her anxiety to get the shoe back as quickly as possible. "No, it's not," she said. But she said it reflectively and with sufficient indecision to encourage Charlie further.

"I could just have a look down inside," he suggested, "to see if there's any handholds and that—like when I found that owl's nest for you." This was to imply that it would be a sacrificial effort and purely on his sister's behalf.

Reg and Louie remained neutral but interested.

"Oh, all right," Maudie said. "But only look, mind. And if you see anybody coming, get down. And mind your trousers."

THERE were plenty of footholds in the ancient relic. The trunk, although vast in diameter, was no more than ten feet high and full of cracks and twists and crevices. Charlie's toecaps sent bits of the rotten wood flying as he scrambled up, but soon he was sitting on top, dangling his legs inside the tree and peering downwards.

"It's ever so dark," he said. "P'r'aps I'd better just get down inside the top and have a look. There's lots of bits on the side for stepping on."

"Well, only in the top," Maudie conceded. She was at a disadvantage anyway, with Charlie ten feet above and out of reach.

Charlie lowered himself carefully into the hollow trunk, keeping his fingers clasped over the top edge for safety.

"Don't go to the bottom, our Charlie," Maudie called nervously.

Charlie did not reply immediately. Then his voice came to them in an urgent whisper. "There's some men coming. They got out of a lorry up on the lane."

"Well, get down quickly," Maudie told him.

But Charlie had a better idea than that. "Don't say anything," he whispered hoarsely. "I'll stay inside and spy till they've gone past."

"You're not to, our Charlie." Maudie was very agitated now; the tree was not for climbing. "Suppose they've come to look——"

She was interrupted by a sharp crack from inside the tree and an exclamation from Charlie, whose voice appeared muffled all at once as though someone had closed a door. He had taken his hands off the top of the trunk so that his fingers would not be seen and the bits of rotten wood on which he had been standing were not strong enough to bear him. None of the wood was strong enough to bear anything. Charlie had gone down almost to the bottom—but not quite.

"I'm stuck!" he called. "It's got narrow."

"Shush!" Maudie warned, unsympathetically. She stood back with Reg and Louie as a group of workmen came through the bushes towards them and stopped. One burly young labourer was carrying a sledge-hammer and a pick, a bald man had a crowbar on his shoulder and a coil of wire in one hand, while an old man pushed a wheelbarrow full of long, pointed wooden stakes.

"Now then, you kids, hoppit," the young man said, and he threw the implements to the ground as though he had a grudge against them; against everything. "Don't you know you're on holy ground?"

The old man rested the wheelbarrow. "No good getting narked, Harry," he said. "The job's got to be done and that's all there is to it."

The bald man said nothing but went up to the old tree and kicked it with a massive boot. A chunk of dead wood fell away.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed. "That ain't worth protecting. What are we wasting our time for?"

The old man began unloading the stakes. "The taxpayers want it taken care of, and it's their money."

Maudie moved forward anxiously. Charlie might be suffocating for all she knew, though she felt sure he would be making more noise about it. "What are you going to do?"

It was Harry who answered. "What are we going to do?" he said. "We're going to put a fence round this tree, so's nobody won't pinch it. It's a very special tree, this one—it's made of wood."

Maudie stood back, aware that Reg and Louie were staring at her, expecting her to get them out of this predicament as she had always got them out of trouble.

Maudie was trying to think of something when Charlie sneezed.

The big sledge-hammer in the hands of the young labourer was just descending and it almost missed its mark.

"Them little white things are my fingers," the bald man reminded him, grasping the stake with both hands.

The young man rested the hammer. "'Ere," he said. "That perishing tree sneezed!"

The old man gazed at him in some astonishment, but had no time to say a word before the tree not only sneezed but yelled. Loudly.

"Get me out," came Charlie's panic-stricken voice. "There's something crawling about."

The men looked at each other, then at the children.

They did not seem annoyed. Harry, indeed, seemed rather pleased. "It's

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POST FORM AT ONCE

what I said all along," he said. "It's a menace, that's what it is. A trap for little kids."

The bald man was probing inside the cracked trunk at a high level. "We'll have to try prising the trunk open with a crowbar to start with—that'll give him space and he might be able to climb out."

Maudie, Reg and Louie watched the workmen insert the big crowbar into the trunk and begin to lever.

"Climb up when you get the room, boy," one of the men called.

"I'm getting up now——" Charlie began. There was a slithering and scraping and Maudie saw her brother's feet hit the bottom of the tree inside.

"He's fallen right down," she said. She ran to the trunk and peered through. "Are you all right, Charlie?"

"I won't be if they let the trunk close up again," Charlie called. "My head's where my body was and it'll get squashed."

Maudie looked appealingly at the old man. The old man looked at the others. Without speaking a word, they seemed to reach some mutual agreement.

"One, two," said the old man, and they made ready for a supreme effort, the young labourer's muscles standing out proudly on his massive arms. "Three!" the old man said.

Together they exerted their strength while inside Charlie lodged his back on one side and pushed his feet against the other. It was attack from inside and out, something that had never happened to the tree in all its three hundred years of history. The crack widened, the tree groaned, a harsh, agonized creaking came from the very roots—and something gave way. It was not like wood breaking at all, but as though a gigantic biscuit had been snapped. Half of the trunk fell away and Charlie fell out.

Maudie helped him to his feet. "Charlie, you awful thing," she said, and put her arm around his shoulders.

Louie put her foot inside the trunk and found her missing shoe.

"Well, that's that," the old man said. "Now let's get this fence up."

"Fence?" The young labourer thumped the other half of the trunk, which had the V branches attached. "Is it worth it?"

"It don't look safe to me," the bald man said suggestively.

The old man saw what they were getting at. He went to the remaining half of the trunk and began to push against it, as though testing its strength. The others joined him, also testing its strength. But the ancient tree, after all its vicissitudes, was not equal to another test. There was a sharp snap, a shifting, and then all that was left of the historic oak was an untidy, rust-brown, mouldering heap.

"I thought it wasn't safe," the bald man said.

MR. PONTWEED displayed the headlines across the breakfast table a few days later. "ANCIENT OAK TREE FALLS ON WORKMEN ERECTING FENCE."

"What a blessing it fell then and not while there were children about," Mrs. Pontweed exclaimed.

Charlie dug into his porridge.

"Ah well," Mr. Pontweed said, "now the council can go ahead with their building plans—and a good thing, too."

Charlie looked up brightly. Blame was one thing, but credit was quite another.

"You know," Charlie said, as they went out to school, "it's a good thing I pushed that old tree over when I did."

"You and who else?" Reg said. "Why, if I hadn't dropped that shoe——"

"And if I hadn't *pushed* you," Maudie said, and she pushed them both out hurriedly on to the garden path, for really there were times when she found both her brothers quite insufferable.

THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 27 is of Cecil Beaton as a child. The text is adapted from his "Photobiography" (Odhams Press).

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Coming Along Nicely
Where There's Danger
Formidable Array
It's Courtesy Week, So
Sonny's Pal
Feverishly
When The Work's Done
Mother Wishes
Buzzing Around
With The Sweetest Of Smiles

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

All The.....In The World
Following The.....
..... Yawned And
Too Good To.....
If There's Any.....Left
As The.....Went By

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,839 (or Xword No. 791) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

YOUR FIRST "BULLET" FREE THIS WEEK ONLY

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated July 12, and in JOHN BULL dated July 19, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Swiss Holiday for Two: Mrs. K. Cavill, 40 Lidderdale Road, Liverpool:

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£25: D. Walters, "Ypres Castle," Rye: REJUVENATED—MARS, YEARS OF "YAHS"!

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 791

1. Hiker sometimes lies on this at the roadside
5. Most people expect one to produce things for their enjoyment
7. Many cross-channel passengers owe their upset to the ships' these
10. Writers are occasionally apt to make them in careless fashion
11. Its slender proportions must help to increase its speed
14. Conspirator would commonly use cloak to conceal his
15. It's not difficult to foresee a fair-sized community without any

Down Clues

2. Ambitious youth may this his way to the top by means of education
3. It's perhaps a little amusing to note how these can roll
4. Transport is something more than just this
6. You get these on some of our hills and mountains
8. A little this can gather a surprising amount of dust
9. Climber will take advantage of
12. Men often seem to be at sea in one
13. It's a pity when very old one looks really shabby

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■	■	7L	U	■	C	H	E	S	■	
■	8	■	■	■	A	T	■	■	9	
10	L	O	T	S	■	■	11	A	R	
■	U	R	S	A	■	12	■	L	A	
13M	F	■	■	D	■	14A	■	M	S	
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Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 5.

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